

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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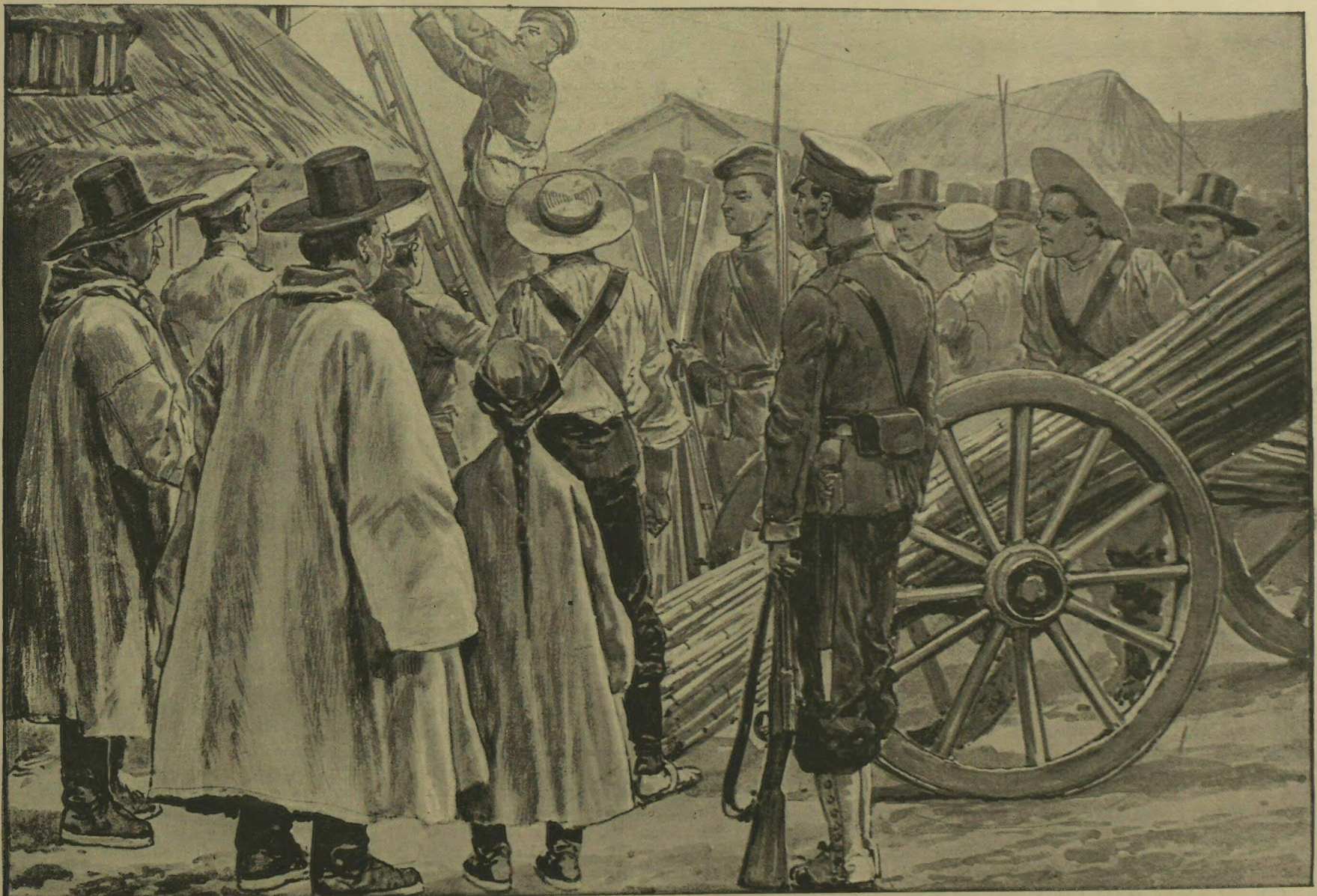
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

TWO SIXPENCE.
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JAPANESE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT WORK.



JAPANESE ENGINEERS LAYING A MILITARY TELEGRAPH.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Sketches by our Artist-Correspondent at the Seat of War in Asia.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the heyday of Charles Dickens's popularity he used humorously to remark upon the rumours as to his state of health, or the want of it, that went the round of the papers in the dull season. They generally arose in the Rocky Mountains, or other neighbourhoods equally unlikely to be well informed, and made their way, across the Atlantic, home. It is probable, Samoa being much less get-at-able than Gadshill, that Mr. R. L. Stevenson does not receive such alarming news of his own constitution; but during the recess they are quite as prevalent, while his distance from England sets immediate contradiction at defiance, and affords a brilliant opportunity for invention. Except that they are well-nigh perfect of their kind, there is little in common with these two authors, but they are singularly alike in the almost universal favour with which their works have been received, and in the personal attachment which their readers have entertained for them. News from Samoa means news from Stevenson, and when it is good news it is universally welcomed, so I need no apology for discoursing upon a letter I have just had the pleasure of receiving from him. It is in great part of a private nature which does not admit of extract: he has heard of my illness from one dear to both of us, and writes out of the fullness of his great heart; but there are some paragraphs of a more public character, the quotation of which betrays no trust.

The circumstances under which he writes, he says, are far from suitable for "an anodyne letter. The hills and my house, at less than (*boom!*) a minute's interval, quake with thunder, and though I cannot hear that part of it, shells are falling thick (*boom!*) into the fort. It is my friends of the *Adler* and the *Curaçoa* bombarding, after all these (*boom!*) months, the rebels of Atua." It is certainly not an opportune time for epistolary correspondence, to which I charitably hasten to attribute some little difficulties I have had in deciphering these proper names. "It is most distracting in itself, and the thought of the poor devils in the fort with their bits of rifles far from pleasant." It did not so use to be with him, he says, in his youth, and during the Franco-German War, though he took no part in it; whereas now, though "within the actual concussion of the air and hills, and where I know personally the people under fire, I am able to go on *tant bien que mal* with a letter to you. The blessings of age, though mighty small, are tangible, and this is one that people do get cured of the excess of sensibility. You are to conceive me, then, sitting in my little gallery-room, shaken by these continual spasms of cannon, and with my eye more or less singly fixed upon the imaginary figure of my dear James Payn. I try to see him in bed—no go; I see him instead in his room in Waterloo Place, drawing out a very black briar-root pipe, and beginning to talk to a slim and ill-dressed visitor in a tone that is good to hear and with a smile that is pleasant to see, and I am thinking how I can get an answering smile wafted over ever so many leagues of land and sea."

Then, turning over in his kind heart what is likely to please his invalid friend, he tells him how he first became acquainted, in the company of another famous man, of letters, with his poor productions. "It should be worth something in life," he writes, knowing the vanity of the story-teller, "to have given so much pleasure to a pair so different as we were, and to be talked of with such interest by two such clever lads. I wish you could have heard that talk, since it would have amused you, as we had mixed you up with John Payne for one thing, and stood amazed at your extraordinary versatility." It seems to me a touching trait in a man whose words are golden that he should sit down (amid war's alarms, too) to try to cheer a sick man half a world away with these kindly reminiscences. Our common friend has omitted to tell him the nature of my ailment, so that he could not condole with me with the particularity he would have wished. "I can't say: 'Think how much worse it would have been if you had a broken leg!' when you may have the crushing repartee up your sleeve: 'But I have a broken leg.' However, you are an Englishman (I believe), you are a man of letters, you have never been made a C.B., your hair is not red (my memory begins to fail me, but I am almost sure of this), you have never played the banjo, you never contributed to—Why, cheer up: here are many legitimate causes of congratulation. I seem to be writing an obituary notice: *absit omen!*" There is no man living to whom I would entrust that task more confidently than to R. L. Stevenson; the quality of mercy would not, I know, be strained.

What is not at all to be wondered at, the Hermit of Samoa finds mitigation of his lot in piquet. He abuses it, but admits its fascinations. "There is such material opulence about it, such vast ambitions may be realised. It may be called the Monte Cristo of games. The thrill with which you table fine cards partakes of the nature of lust; you draw four sevens and a nine, and the world is a desert. You may see traces of discouragement in my letter, all due to piquet. There has been a disastrous turn of luck with me. A month ago I was ten thousand ahead; now, for a week back, I have been thousands

astern. If I have a sixième, my beast of an adversary has a septième, and if I have three aces, three kings, three queens, and three knaves, the devil holds a quatorze of tens." Sour indeed must be the man who does not wish good luck to Stevenson.

Every now and then it strikes even the most self-satisfied of men that he has mistaken his profession. Successful, and deservedly successful, as he has been in, let us say, bill-broking, he has a secret consciousness that he would have been still more distinguished as a popular preacher; but the church door was not open to him till too late. Many persons following peaceful pursuits have an idea that they were born to command; the military gentleman who is not in the Army is quite a common type: if only the opportunity had presented itself in time, he would have made his name historical. It annoys him to find so many of his contemporaries colonels and generals and himself only a civilian. In some of these cases the obstacle to their joining the Army at starting has been, no doubt, the existence of gunpowder. Shakspeare has stated the matter with his usual perspicuity, but even he could not foresee the invention of bullet-proof shields. What a difference this would have made in the choice of a profession to many a dining-room table strategist had it happened during his adolescence! Shields, of course, there have always been, but they have never inspired confidence; they did not, for one thing, protect the legs, and even the bravest soldier may have to take to them. As to armour, it was all very well to be in a suit of Milan steel among rustics in leather, like one among eggs with a stick, so long as you were victorious, but if you had to execute the strategic movement known as a retreat, one wished oneself lighter clad. The early knights forged their own armour to be quite sure of its being all right, as the Duke of Burgundy did in order to fight with our Duke Humphrey (who had given him an infamous dinner), but that did not prevent their being pressed to death with the weight of it. The new shield is comparatively light, and resembles a fire-screen, which you stick up before you and blaze away through it and over it. Such shooting seems a most delightful recreation. It has all the advantages of a rifle-pit, without the drawback that if your enemy is successful he can make use of your diggings: you carry your shield away with you, like the tortoise (but probably much quicker). It is pleasant to think that, though designed for two persons at most, these shields can be joined together, and a party of friends accommodated behind them; but this agreeable idea is dashed by the reflection that if a cannon-ball should strike the screen, "it would carry the whole company away with it," and exemplify the proverb that "two is company and three is none" in a novel and most exhaustive manner.

Difficult as may be the political operation of effecting "a union of hearts," it seems much more so to produce a unanimity of opinion in religious matters. Anything more humorous than the propositions of the various chiefs who are in favour of the new alliance it is hard to imagine; they have no objection to anything, provided that their supremacy is acknowledged, and all that they have laid down is taken for granted. Contempt seems the prevailing feeling on the one side, and astonishment at their adversary's impudence upon the other. It is pleasant to observe, however, that there has been no bad language. This, though unusual in theological controversy, is not unprecedented. Perhaps the best-natured, and at the same time one of the wittiest, rejoinders in religious dispute was that made by Father O'Leary to an Irish Protestant. "I have no objection," said the latter, "to have the Virgin Mary treated with reverence, but only as a respectable, venerable woman—just such a one as my own mother." "Still," replied O'Leary, "you must allow there is some difference in the children."

What a charming little book Mr. Frank Lockwood has made for us out of his lecture on "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick!" He is himself a humorist, and knows how to appreciate the brightest and most genial of writers. Like all others who have dealt with portions of the great novelist's work, he has incidentally shown us how exhaustive and all-embracing was the whole. "It is," says Mr. Lockwood, "an extraordinary thing when we look at this book, and reflect that it contains within its pages no less than three hundred and sixty characters, all drawn vividly and sharply, all expressing different phases of human thought and of human life, and every one of them original; and that the author of that book was a young man of twenty-three years of age! In that book I find that he portrayed with life-like fidelity constables, sheriffs' officers, beadles, ushers, clerks, solicitors, barristers, and last, but by no means least, a judge. Every incident of the early life of this great author bore fruit in his writings." Never was the gift of observation showered by nature on any man with such profusion. As Mr. Lockwood remarks, Dickens himself acknowledged the benefaction. In his character of David Copperfield, he writes: "If it should appear from anything I may set down in this narrative that I was a child of close observation, or that as a man I have a strong

memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics." And this gift of observation never deserted him. In almost the very last of his works, "The Uncommercial Traveller," it is as prominent as in the very first. Great as were his powers of memory, he did not trust to them, but persisted in seeing things with his own eyes. That he was unequal in his writing is only to say that he was human; but there is no writer of anything like the same fertility who has maintained so high a level of excellence. Comparisons are odious; but if, for example, one takes Fielding, how weaker and weaker becomes the inspiration with every new effort! Only those who have had to make "selections" from even our greatest writers are aware of how they fall off or repeat themselves. This does not happen so often from a decay of the imagination as from indolence. When a novelist has secured his public there is a temptation with him to repose on his laurels; the habits of observation, to which he owes his success, are still his own, but their exercise has become irksome to him. He prefers to trust to his memory. That is the real secret of the decadence of many a popular favourite; it is not that the mine is worked out, but that the miner is less inclined to dig. Now, with Dickens this was never the case; his vigour and earnestness never failed, and if that somewhat foolish definition of genius, "an infinite capacity for taking pains," ever applied to any man it applied to him. He was singularly free from the weaknesses conventionally attributed to the literary character: the most punctual and the least indolent of men.

Should Mr. Lockwood's example be followed, and the other works of our great novelist be subjected to a similar analysis, the result would probably be vastly to increase his reputation. First favourite as he has long been with the literary public, they are ignorant of the vast proportions of their idol. He "spread himself" as no writer has ever done, and at the same time without attenuation. The actual characters he has created form a public of themselves sufficient to satisfy the ordinary storyteller. The lawyers in "Pickwick" are not much more numerous than in his other works, and though he has laid the legal profession under contribution more largely than any other, he has left none of the others undescribed. He is thought to have been rather hard upon the medical calling, but that idea, I think, has been caused by comparison with the somewhat rose-coloured descriptions of it to be found in Thackeray; he numbered members of it among his most intimate friends; and whoever heard him speak of Elliotson was straightway reminded of his great rival's Dr. Goodenough.

Now is the time when the bachelor says to himself, with genuine emotion, "There is no place like home." There have been occasions when he has taken cynical views of that observation of the poet's, and remarked upon it, "That I can well believe," but it is not so with him in October. He has been exiled from his club for a month at least, when his country invitations are exhausted, and his return to it is as much like a homecoming as his imagination can compass. As we like our own sherry better than that of our friends', even though it be of an inferior vintage, so we prefer our own club to a strange one, though it be more splendid. We can never somehow obtain the favour of the hall-porter, though we have made it plain to him that it will be worth his while to extend it to us. He regards ourselves and the other aliens as a race inferior to the regular *habitués* of the place. This opinion is shared—if so confident a view can be held otherwise than as a whole—by the butler. Any reference of ours to the wine-list appears to him to partake of the nature of a challenge. What we order may not, he seems to say, be what we have been accustomed to drink, but it is the genuine article, which is not to be found in all clubs. If we patronise a cheap wine, we fulfil the expectations he has formed of us; if we venture upon an expensive bin, he cannot conceal his apprehensions that we are living beyond our means. There is a small contingent of our own waiters who serve us with the utmost fidelity, but, like the Swiss guard of Louis XVI., they are crushed by superior numbers. They repeat our wants to the authorities with bated breath, nor can we escape from the conviction that very little attention is paid to them. Who can wonder, therefore, that when his exile is over the bachelor has his nearest approach to domestic feeling? His club is his home, be it never so unhome-like, and his return to it makes him glad. To-morrow or the next day he may begin to find fault with the alterations and abuse the committee; but as he sinks into his favourite arm-chair in the smoking-room on the first evening, and notes the familiar faces around him, he feels like the gentleman whose foot was on his native heath, and whose name was MacGregor.

In the "Notes" of last week I confessed my inability to explain how "the baiting of the bull had its uses, and was therefore to be commended." No less an historical authority than Mr. Gardiner is so good as to inform me that "in Perkins's time it was a popular belief that bull's flesh became tender after baiting, and in no other way." If I had been a person addicted to jokes, I ought perhaps to have gathered as much from Perkins's words: he says that unlike the baiting of the bull, that of the bear was "no meet" recreation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

There has been no sensational event in the Chino-Japanese War since the great naval battle at the mouth of the Yalu. An engagement, however, is anticipated between the Chinese forces, consisting mostly of Hunanese "braves," badly armed, with no discipline in particular, and probably wanting supplies, and the victorious Japanese army in Corea. Accounts differ as to the numbers of the Hunanese soldiers whom the transports succeeded in landing in face of the Japanese fleet. One account fixes them at 7000, another at 38,000. The Japanese movements in the north of Corea are variously interpreted. They may mean an advance on Manchuria, or China proper, with reference to an ultimate march to Peking, or they may have for their object the cutting off of the raw levies huddled together in an improvised camp on the Yalu. Meanwhile, the military machine in Japan is being managed with the utmost zeal and ability. Eighty thousand new troops are going to the front immediately, a special war session of the Japanese Parliament has been ordered, and the utmost enthusiasm prevails in Tokio and throughout the country. On the other hand, we hear of nothing but confusion and disorganisation in China. The Empress is said to be making fresh contributions to the war fund, but the destruction of China's first fighting line at the battle of Ping-Yang has compelled her to fall back on raw recruits, who are not armed or disciplined on European methods. Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy of Pe-chi-li, is being made to bear the brunt of the follies of the Tsung-li-Yamen, and has suffered further disgrace in the loss of his Peacock's Feather. These childish details contrast strongly with the essentially modern and business-like method in which Japan is conducting the war. Of the fleets engaged in the battle of the Yalu nothing certain is known. The probability is that the Chinese have lost command of the sea, and that Admiral Ting will not again meet the Japanese war-ships in the open. If this is so, China may be said to be defeated already beyond the hope of recovery. If the command of the sea at both horns of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li has gone over to Japan, China has little hope of winning back her lost ground in Corea. The all-disturbing rumour of the week from the Japanese point of view is the story of the sending of Russian troops to the north of Corea with a view of keeping Chinese border ruffians in order. The news comes from various quarters—Russian, Japanese, German—but it is very vague and contradictory in terms. Of course, if Russia interferes, all calculations as to the issue of the war will be upset.

SALE OF SLAVE GIRLS IN EGYPT.

The abolition of the slave trade has been one of the chief objects of the English intervention in the affairs of Egypt, and the recrudescence of the evil under the patronage of members of the governing class has excited strong feeling throughout the civilised world. Ali Pasha Cherif, a notable of great wealth, was President of the Legislative Council, and in that capacity lately protested against the maintenance of the "Slave Bureau," or office charged with the Suppression of Slavery, as a needless expense, since slavery was practically extinct in Egypt. Shortly afterwards the very same personage, Ali Pasha Cherif, and several other Pashas were convicted of purchasing negresses. They have been tried by court martial. In order to escape, Ali Pasha Cherif claimed Italian protection, but this claim was disallowed by the Italian Government. Should the Khedive attempt to exercise his prerogative of mercy in favour of these high personages, he will produce a most unfavourable impression on the Western Powers. Our illustration represents the negresses, natives of Siwah, an oasis on the frontier of Tripoli, who were illegally bought by the Pashas.

MR. STODDART'S CRICKET TEAM.

We are learning day by day of the prowess of Lord Hawke's cricket team in America, and soon the news will be varied by records of the excellent players who have just left Tilbury under the captaincy of Mr. A. E. Stoddart, to uphold the honour of Great Britain in Australian cricket-fields. Mr. Stoddart is evidently not affected by superstition, for the team numbers thirteen men. The names of those who boarded the *Ophir* on Sept. 21 were Mr. Stoddart and Mr. F. G. J. Ford, both of whom do valiant service on behalf of Middlesex; Mr. L. H. Gay, who plays for Somerset; Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Albert Ward, and Briggs, whom Lancashire claim;

Peel and Brown, the Yorkshire professionals; Humphreys, a solitary though very useful representative of Sussex; and Brockwell, Richardson, and Lockwood, whose exploits will be watched with keen interest by their Surrey admirers. Mr. H. Philipson, of Oxford University, joined the *Ophir* at Naples. The cricketers were very warmly greeted as they went on board, and in the smoking-room of the steam-ship ardent followers of the game, including the veteran Hon. Ivo Bligh, Lord Darnley, Mr. V. T. Hill, and Mr. C. E. Green, bade them farewell with many wishes for their success in Greater Britain.

THE CITY OF BATH.

Of the many cities in England few are so "beautiful for situation" as Bath. Its history is no less unique. It has furnished novelists like Fielding and Dickens with the groundwork of some of their cleverest pictures of social life—that "light of other days" which is not dimmed but only changed. The story of Bath stretches far into the past; as a Roman city it contains many traces of the art and usages which found a home therein in the days of Vespasian. The mineral springs which have made it a medical Mecca for centuries still supply an unceasing flow of water to those who visit the Grand Pump-Room, where



ADMIRAL TING, OF THE CHINESE NAVY.
COMMANDER IN THE RECENT BATTLE AT THE MOUTH OF THE YALU RIVER, COREA.

stands a statue of Beau Nash, the Master of the Ceremonies, who may safely be called the founder of modern Bath. The city has been for eight centuries the seat of a bishopric, and its beautiful abbey is often designated a cathedral, although it is in reality only a parish church. Mr. Freeman, who for long lived in the neighbourhood of Bath, has carefully traced the vicissitudes which befell the abbey. It was finally restored by Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of £30,000. Certain statuary in it is by Flaxman and Chantrey. In the abbey is the grave of Malthus, the economist. The Guildhall contains portraits of William Pitt, who represented Bath in Parliament for a time, Marshal Wade, of road-constructing fame, and others of whom Bath is proud. Surrounding the city are many charming spots of interest. The Prince of Monaco, it may be mentioned, is just now "taking the waters" at Bath, as a cure for the rheumatism contracted on his recent African cruise.

THE DOGE'S PALACE AT VENICE.

In Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the rebuilding, in the fifteenth century, by Doge Foscari, of the older Palazzo Ducale reared by Doge Ziani in the twelfth century, and subsequently enlarged, on the site of the original edifice of the Byzantine period, was "the knell of the architecture of Venice"—for Mr. Ruskin does not approve of the Renaissance style. The building actually constructed under Foscari's rule, part of the old buildings having been

burnt, was decreed in 1422 by Doge Mocenigo. In 1574, another great fire destroyed much of the interior. The architects employed in its repair and completion were Giovanni Rusconi, and three members of a family named Buono; the latter designed the two principal colonnades supporting the outer walls of the palace. The capitals of the massive corner pillars, at three angles of the building, the third being out of sight adjacent to St. Mark's Cathedral, are boldly decorated with colossal groups of sculpture. These angles are distinguished also, in two instances, by the character of the decorative foliage. There is the "Fig-tree Angle," at which the subject represented is that of Adam and Eve, or the Fall of Man; and there is the "Vine Angle," which exhibits the Drunkenness of Noah. The figures of Solomon and the two women disputing the motherhood of the child, with the little boy, and the executioner ready to cut the child asunder, are conspicuous at the "Judgment Angle." The capital belongs to the later or Renaissance period, and though it has great beauty, hardly possesses the symbolic power and subtlety of the work of some of the earlier craftsmen, whose exquisite designs Mr. Ruskin has minutely described. Other features, external and interior, of the Venetian Ducal Palace have often been detailed. Most visitors are chiefly interested by its historical and romantic associations, and by the pictures of Tintoretto and other great painters.

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS.

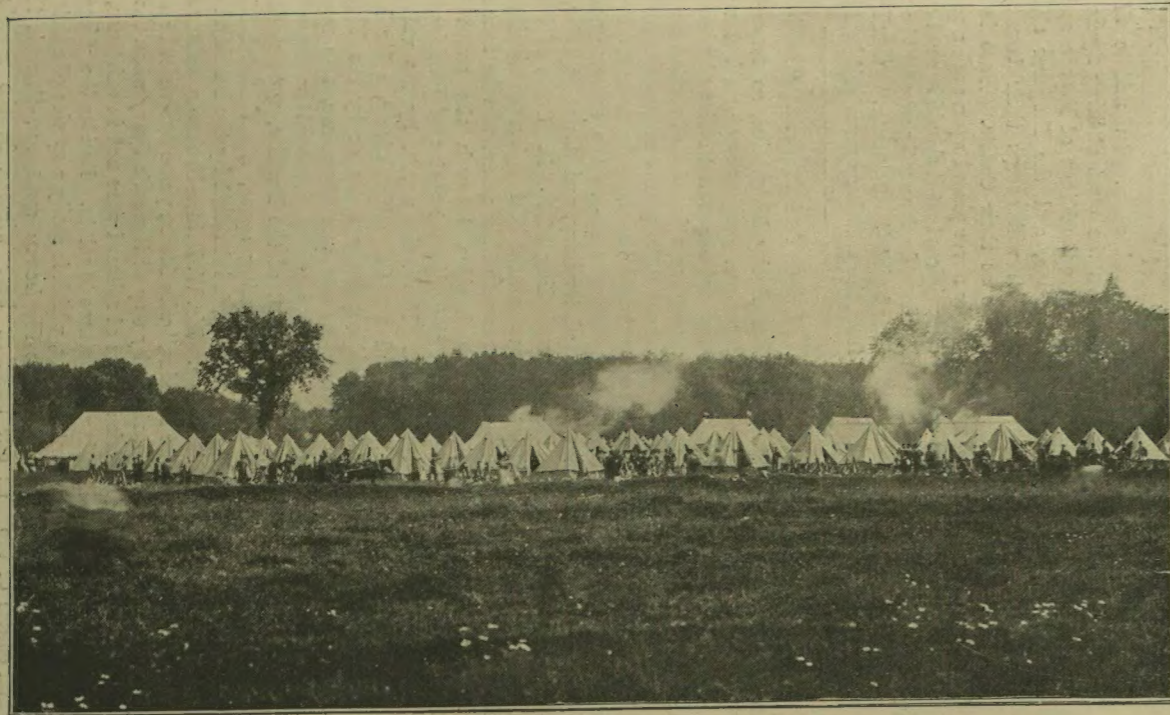
The publication of Mr. Froude's "Life and Letters of Erasmus" (Longmans) at a moment when the great historian is lying dangerously ill, has a pathos all its own. Mr. Froude is "game" to the last. In these lectures, which are probably the most fascinating that were ever delivered by a Regius Professor, he treats us once again to all the eccentricities of judgment to which he has devoted so many volumes in the past. Here, once more, Henry VIII. is the model king, and numbers of ecclesiastics who cross the path alike of Henry and Erasmus are rogues and scoundrels of the most pronounced type. Yet, when all is said, Mr. Froude's picture of Erasmus will be acceptable to the English reader for many a year to come. We see the great scholar despoiled of his inheritance by treacherous guardians; we see him as a student of the most omnivorous kind, but assuming, like all the students of his century, that it was the province of the rich to patronise learning, and writing begging-letters of the most astounding character to people of rank. In middle life Erasmus becomes the most striking figure of his age. We have the Kings of France and England, the Pope, and the Emperor alike begging that he will accept their bounty and will reside at their Courts. Pure learning was surely never placed upon such a pedestal, and one rejoices that it should be so of one of whom Mr. Froude eloquently says that he was "never false to intellectual truth." Our Engraving is from the well-known portrait by Holbein.

SPORT IN THE "ROCKIES."

The Rocky Mountains, so termed in North American geography, form but a part of the more or less parallel series of mountain ranges occupying a breadth of several hundred miles between the plains or prairies in the middle of that Continent and the slopes towards the Pacific coast. Their highest summits are in the extreme north, Mount Logan, in British territory, and Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, considerably exceeding 20,000 ft. Some of the grandest scenery, and perhaps the best region now available for the sportsman in pursuit of big game, will be found near the frontier, on both sides, between the south of British Columbia and the adjacent States of Washington, Idaho, and Montana. From the north, by the valleys of the Kootenay and the Columbia Rivers, after leaving the Canadian Pacific railway route, or by the United States lines through Dakota and Wyoming, this region can be approached. The Selkirks, a secondary range in British Columbia westward of the Rockies, were noticed in our last. The intervening space, a secluded land of many streams and lakes, is inhabited by the Flathead and other Indian tribes. Mr. W. Baillie-Grohman, author of "Camps in the Rockies," who fifteen years ago visited the Kootenay Lake, riding by way of Bonner's Ferry when the Northern American lines of railroad were not in existence, has good hunting adventures to relate. Besides the animal called a mountain goat, which is really a species of antelope, styled by naturalists *Haplocerus montanus*, there is the wapiti, as our sketches bear witness, in the forests of that region. For the bison, misnamed buffalo, one may now search the plains to the south in vain; only a few hundred survive in the highland valleys of Idaho and thereabouts. Civilisation is a good thing, but unfavourable to big game.

ARMY MANŒUVRES IN IRELAND.

From Photographs by Mr. J. Charlton, Newbridge, Kildare.



OXFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, BISHOPS COURT FIELD COLUMN.



RIFLE BRIGADE, BISHOPS COURT FIELD COLUMN.



CYCLISTS OF THE BUFFS REGIMENT, BALLINTUBBET FIELD COLUMN.



TRANSPORT, OXFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, TULLAMOY FIELD COLUMN.



THE SLAVE TRADE IN EGYPT: NEGRESSES FROM SIWAH.

Messrs. Peel, Gay, Stoddart, MacLaren, Brown, A. Ward, Lockwood, Brockwell, Humphreys.



MR. STODDART'S CRICKET TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery has been delivering a pleasant little speech at Inverness, where he was presented with the freedom of the burgh. Its burden was—"How delightful it is that we English politicians do not permit our public differences to interfere with private friendship! We criticise each other in public, but we never forget that our opponents are as honourable in their motives as we claim to be." This is all very pretty, though it rather suggests a bread-and-butter kind of politics. Nor does it quite consort with one's memories of the style in which both the Eastern and the Irish controversies were carried on, and when Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were impartially compared to the devil. No doubt we do not conduct our political controversies in the style in which gutter journals (and politicians) in France and America expound their differences with leading statesmen. But we are not quite so mealy-mouthed as Lord Rosebery would have us believe, and it would not, perhaps, be altogether to the good if we were.

However, there is a good deal of honest political friendship behind the recriminations of Parliamentary and platform politics. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were too antipathetic in temperament ever to be intimate, but Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were always good friends. So, in the old days, when Mr. Chamberlain was a Radical and Lord Randolph Churchill was the rising hope of Conservatism, these two statesmen abused each other in public, and were on excellent terms in private. Mr. Balfour has hosts of friends on all sides of the House (except the Irish), and specially counts among them Mr. John Morley and Mr. Asquith. Nor are the Nationalist Irishmen—though they, on the whole, live apart from the more free-and-easy side of the social life of the House—altogether outside the camaraderie which prevails there. Mr. Plunket, for instance, has many friends and admirers in the Irish quarter, and so had Lord Ashbourne in the days when he was Mr. Gibson. Indeed, it is on a man's own side that he often meets his bitterest personal foes, not on that of his opponents.

M. Le Myre Vilers has received a reward for his diplomatic success at Bangkok in 1893 by being chosen as the French envoy to the Hova Government. Relations between the French Government and the Prime Minister of Madagascar have been strained for some time, and the mission of M. Le Myre Vilers is to reconcile these differences and assert the French position. He sailed from Marseilles on Sept. 14, bearing written instructions from the Cabinet Council. It is not his first connection with the island, as he was Resident there seven years ago. It was he who hauled down the French flag at Antananarivo, as an endeavour to frighten the Malagasy into concurrence with his policy. Astute and alert are the most correct adjectives to apply to M. Le Myre Vilers. He has not much suavity, but a great deal of determination. The following word-picture of the Malagasy Prime Minister, with whom the French envoy will have to deal, is worth recording. He is described by a German visitor as "a little old man of sixty-seven years of age, whom neither time nor hard work, however, have bent. His movements are agile, and his eye gleams with a penetrating intelligence. He is a consummate diplomatist, and there is nothing to be got out of him."

There have been some curious signs this week of the change which has come over German politics since the reconciliation between Bismarck and the German Emperor. Wilhelm II. has been making a characteristic speech at Thorn, criticising severely the attitude of the Poles and their leaders, and summoning his subjects to the common warfare against the party of revolution. A day or so later Prince Bismarck, receiving a deputation of admirers, went out of his way to endorse everything that the Kaiser had said. He added his approval of the Emperor's attacks on the Conservative nobles for their opposition to the Russo-German Commercial Treaty, and ended up by calling for cheers for the monarch whom, with pen and tongue, he has been attacking ever since he resigned the Chancellorship. And yet people will have it that the Kaiser is a mere feather-headed sentimentalist. The man who won a double victory over Bismarck, and who has had six years of successful rule in modern Germany, is either a man of genius or a miracle of good luck.

News has come from Berlin which may seriously affect the European situation. It is said that the Czar is suffering from the incurable Bright's disease, and that he is a doomed man. His health has long been affected; but we should be inclined to doubt whether this very startling rumour is true. If it is, the extremely pacific policy of Russia during the last few months is to some extent explained. A man so grievously stricken as Alexander III. is now said to be does not greatly concern himself with foreign politics.

M. Zola at least understands the art of advertisement. He and his interviewers between them have turned the placing of his latest book, "Leurdes," on the "Index Expurgatorius," to excellent account. Zola's report of the matter is characteristic. He does not take a

pronounced anti-Catholic attitude. On the contrary, he regards the Church which baptised him and received his first Communion as bound to tell him where he went wrong. So he is going to Rome partly to get "copy" for his new book on the Eternal City and partly to interview the Pope and have his theology corrected. The impression seems to be that Leo XIII., affable and wise, will see him and be gracious. After all, the man who wrote "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" can hardly be said to have no appreciation of the mysteries and the ideals of the Catholic Church.

After all, the famous circular inviting subscriptions from English sympathisers with Home Rule has been withdrawn. Another letter has been sent to English subscribers thanking them for their sympathy, but returning their cheques. The letter is signed by Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, who sent out the unfortunate original, which was, it is now said, dispatched by mistake. What one wants to know is whether Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Tweedmouth's cheques have been sent back? If not, the recantation does not amount to very much.

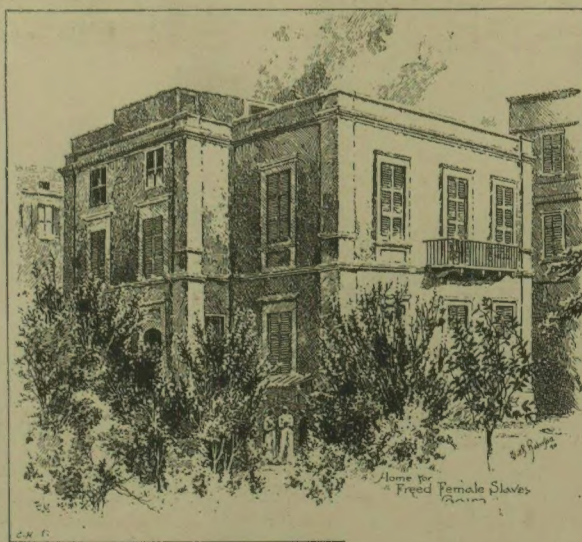
The Aston Free Library Committee is a highly sensitive moral body. It has decided to obliterate the betting news in the daily papers, not by the Russian process of "black-ing," but by pasting slips of paper over them. That may be a proper resolution, but what are we to say of the further proposal to banish the works of Fielding and Sterne from the general library and bury them decorously away in the reference library? "Tom Jones" and "Tristram Shandy" are apparently not fit for the new woman or the old-young man of the end of the nineteenth century. Generations of Englishmen have consented to regard them as chief ornaments of our literature, not written, of course, for boys and girls, but full of the genius of the great English people, and racy of the old English soil. But Aston knows better. The next move, we suppose, will be that the works of one William Shakspeare will be judiciously stowed away on the top shelf of the Aston Free Library.

A man who has contributed some stirring work to the modern English stage has just died in the person of Mr. Henry Herman. Mr. Herman was a German by birth, but his literary work was nearly all done in England. His first great success was with the very brightly written and cleverly constructed melodrama, "The Silver King," which he wrote in conjunction with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The exact share of the joint authors in this most successful work was the subject of rather bitter controversy when the literary partnership was dissolved. Mr. Herman's share in the profits was considerable, but, with one exception, his later dramatic efforts were not successful. The exception was "Claudian," which at least came near to being good drama and literature, and of which Mr. Ruskin strongly approved. As a novelist, Mr. Herman wrote freely—indeed, constantly—but though he was often vivid and forcible, and never dull, his work is hardly entitled to rank as literature. He used the experiences of early life in the States to fill his stories with graphic sketches of the rougher characters in the outlying districts and the newly settled territories—the types that Bret Harte loved to draw. He was an able and prolific writer, was a journalist of much merit, and had both seen life and knew how to describe it. He died at his house in Gunnersbury.

Mr. Chauncey Depew has been talking again of English customs and statesmen—of the latter freely, of the former not to any great purpose. On the whole he is very laudatory, calls Lord Rosebery a "genius," and speaks of his "marvellous industry"—two curiously inapt criticisms. Mr. Depew has an interesting passage on Lord Rosebery as a collector of pictures, and especially of memorials of the great Napoleon. Here is one story—

The ship which carried Napoleon a prisoner to St. Helena stopped on its way to Portsmouth. As she lay at the wharf the Emperor would stand for hours by the gangway gazing at the clouds and the crowd. An English artist of the day, unknown to Bonaparte, painted his portrait. It has been hidden away somewhere for years, and Lord Rosebery, who has long been in pursuit of it, has just secured it. It is full length, about half life size, and presents the traditional conqueror as we know him by his picture. It is a sad figure. It is more, it is a tragical one. A theory was recently advanced that at Waterloo Napoleon had passed the zenith of his powers, though still so young, and his mind was weakening. Certainly the face in this most remarkable portrait has a vacant look. Life and fire and intellect are out of it. It is the countenance of a dazed and broken man.

In connection with the slave case which has been exciting so much interest in Cairo, it may be interesting to give an illustration of the Home for Freed Female Slaves in the Fagallah, near Cairo, where the female slaves



HOME FOR FREED FEMALE SLAVES AT CAIRO.

who appeared at the trial are now finding shelter. It is an excellent institution, owing much to the sympathetic management of its matron, Mrs. Crewe.

The Comte de Paris must have been a very rich man when he died. His personality is stated to be 45,000,000f.,

and this is, of course, exclusive of his domains in France and elsewhere. The statement is that a good part of this wealth is under the control of the Comtesse de Paris, and that therefore it will not be fully or largely available for any ambitious propaganda that the Duc d'Orléans may have in view.

Captain von Hanneken has been more prominent during the early phases of the war than any other of the foreign officers in the Chinese service.

He was present at the sinking of the *Kow-Shing*, and gave a detailed account of that horrible scene, in which he did not spare the Japanese officers and men. He was also in high command at the battle of the Yalu River, and probably was responsible for the manœuvring of the fleet, for Admiral Ting, who was nominally in command, though a brave man, hardly comes up to the European idea of what an Admiral should be. Captain von Hanneken was wounded at the mouth of the Yalu, but slightly, for he is said to have resumed his duties. He is a German by birth, has been many years in the Chinese service, and is a good sailor and expert tactician. He holds the position of aide-de-camp to Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Pe-chi-li and the commander of the "Ever Victorious Army."



CAPTAIN VON HANNEKEN.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

The will (dated July 23, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 1, 1894), of Miss Charlotte Rosa Raine, of St. Margaret's Lodge, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, Hayland's Manor House, Ryde, Isle of Wight, and 7, Peter's Place, Brighton, who died on June 19, was proved on Aug. 28 by the Rev. George Steele, Arthur Mainley Cope, the Rev. William Frederick James Hanbury, and George Baker Smallpiece, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £86,000. There are very numerous gifts of properties and pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, friends, servants, and others. Special and precise directions are given as to her funeral, and she wishes the announcement of her decease to be inserted in the *Morning Post*, "the newspaper I have perused with much education for so many years," the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Church Review*, the *Church Times*, and the chief local papers of the neighbourhood wherein her different residences were situated. She leaves in the hands of her executors all her literary productions, whether published or unpublished, and copyrights therein, absolutely, and hopes they will do their best to keep her books and literary reputation alive, and will print and publish anything worth publishing among her manuscripts; she leaves £50 towards the expense of carrying out this desire, and she wishes the firm of Joseph Masters and Co. to be employed in printing and publishing such manuscripts. Among many interesting bequests may be noted that of her lands and hereditaments in the parish of Wolvercot, Oxfordshire, to Lord Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill, "in recognition of his commanding political genius, and also in acknowledgment to the Marlborough family of the favours and benefits derived from the Marlborough estates by my late father, who had the honour of acting as receiver of these estates under the Court of Chancery." She bequeaths the remainder of her books, after a selection by two legatees, to found a public library for the parishioners of St. Michael's and All Angels, Swanmore, Isle of Wight; £1000 each to St. Margaret's Society, East Grinstead, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and £500 each to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the English Church Union, the Society for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, and the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. "And as regards my pussies," she gives her dear old white puss Titens, and her pussies Tabby Rolla, Tabby Jennefee, and black-and-white Ursula to Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her £12 a year for the maintenance of each cat so long as it shall live. Her long-haired white puss Louise, and her black-and-white puss Dr. Clausman, to her handmaiden, Elizabeth Willoughby, and her Black Ebony and White Oscar to Miss Lavinia Sophia Beck; and her executors are directed to pay them also £12 a year for each of these pussies so long as it shall live. All the remainder of her pussies she gives to the said Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her out of the balance of the dividends of her father's Lambeth waterworks shares £150 a year for their maintenance so long as any of them shall live, "but this is not to extend to kittens afterwards born." There is also a direction to Ann Elizabeth Matthews to live out of this annuity in the village of Haylands (or elsewhere) in a cottage and garden for the maintenance of the same pussies, unless the Rev. William Martin Spencer is willing to permit the pussies to reside on the premises and in the garden at Pound. All live creatures she leaves to the kindly disposal of her executors, and if her poor old black mare Fenella should be alive she authorises them to take from her estate a sum sufficient to pay for her board and lodging as long as she shall live. All the devises and bequests are given free of legacy and succession duties. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to the Society of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, to be paid to the Mother Superior.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, true to her usual esteem for those who are in any way connected with her service, paid a tribute of respect by witnessing, from her carriage, the funeral of Mrs. Stuart, the mother of one of her Majesty's Wardrobe Women. Mrs. Stuart was the widow of one of the Queen's tenants near Birkhall; she was buried in Crathie churchyard in the presence of many members of the royal household. Her Majesty commanded a performance on Sept. 24 at Balmoral Castle of "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-Monger" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company, who thereafter travelled for seventeen hours to Dublin to fulfil their engagement.

The Prince of Wales took part, with the Duke of York and Prince Henry of Battenberg, in a grouse-drive at Glenmuick, the seat of Sir Algernon Borthwick, on Sept. 21.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters reached Aberdeen from Copenhagen early on Sept. 25, and left for Balmoral.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have returned to White Lodge, after a very pleasant Continental holiday.

The political world is rousing itself from the *dolce far niente* and the holidays. Mr. Courtney delivered an able but rather dull speech at Glasgow, and two or three days later Mr. Joseph Chamberlain addressed a great audience in the Coliseum at Leeds. "Home Rule was once more his theme."

Mr. Gladstone has proved that he is not an "extinct volcano" in politics by his forcible letter to Lord Thring on the subject of local option. Many assert that the epistle, which endorsed to a certain extent the Gothenburg system, has given the death-blow to the Local Veto Bill introduced by Sir William Harcourt. The secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance holds that Mr. Gladstone "has under-estimated the extent to which prohibition by local option would take place in this country if the people were given power to prohibit in their own neighbourhood; that he has considerably exaggerated the inadequacy of limitation of the number of public-houses as a means of promoting sobriety; and that he has given his unhesitating support to a principle which has never been tested fairly and fully in practice. Probably the oldest federation of temperance societies, the Western Temperance League, commenced its annual session on Sept. 25 at Calne, under the presidency of Alderman Thomas Harris, C.C., who has been instrumental in making Calne into an English Chicago, on a small scale, by his great bacon-curing establishment."

Lord Rosebery opened the annual exhibition of Highland industries at Inverness on Sept. 20, and was afterwards presented with the freedom of the burgh. The Premier referred to "that wholesome and genuine characteristic of the British nation which enabled political opponents to recognise each other's private merits."

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has written a strong letter of remonstrance to the secretary of the North-West London Operative House-Painters' trade society, who had protested against the employment of stablemen in the painting of the Brookfield stables. This interference her Ladyship declares is monstrous and un-English, and is opposed to those Radical principles of liberty of the subject in which she was reared. This last remark may recall the fact that the Baroness was raised to the Peerage on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone for her splendid philanthropy twenty-three years ago. Apropos of her Ladyship's well-founded indignation, Mr. Geoffrey Drage, who was the secretary of the Labour Commission, and is the particular *bête noire* of the *Daily Chronicle*, published on Sept. 25 an interesting letter on party politics and trade unionism. Mr. Drage is coming out as a Unionist candidate at the next General Election.

Before a crowded congregation in South Place Institute, where often Browning might have been seen, Dr. E. W. Emerson lectured on Sept. 23 on "John Sterling." He is the son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who retained a sympathetic correspondence with Sterling until his death. The brilliant friend of Carlyle never met Emerson, but had a keen appreciation for the great essayist, to whom he dedicated his tragedy "Stafford," calling him "teacher of starry wisdom, high, serene." Sterling's last letter to Emerson was dated Aug. 4, 1844, from Ventnor. His grave in the calm shades of lovely Boscombe churchyard is a literary

Mecca, where many have mused on his career—so different from the life of Adams, who lies "under the shadow of a cross" not very far from Sterling's resting-place.

At Liverpool, on Sept. 24, the fourteenth annual congress of the Sanitary Institute was opened by an inaugural address from Sir Francis S. Powell, M.P., who, though he lives in Yorkshire, has many links with Lancashire. He has had probably more Parliamentary vicissitudes than any present member of the House of Commons, having engaged in no less than thirteen contests. Sir Francis took as his topic the improvements wrought in sanitation during the last generation.

Unfavourable reports continue to reach England by a roundabout route concerning the health of the Czar. The fact, however, that Professor Zakharin, the Czar's physician, who resembles Dr. Abernethy in his brusqueness, has returned to St. Petersburg, may be taken as reassuring.

Sir James Patterson's Ministry in Victoria tendered



HOO CHANG.



SHEH SHU SHANG.



SHOO HUNG LUNG.



HOO KING YUNG.

OFFICERS OF THE CHINESE WAR-SHIP "CHEN-YUEN."

their resignation on Sept. 25, as a logical result of their defeat at the General Election. Out of a membership of ninety-five, only twenty-eight Ministerial candidates were successful in obtaining seats in the Legislative Council. The Governor sent for the Hon. George Turner, the Leader of the Opposition, on Sept. 25, and he is busily engaged in forming a Ministry.

A return has been issued by the French Government as to the strikes which took place during 1893. The total was 634; 170,123 workpeople were affected by them; and the number of working days lost, in consequence, amounted to 3,174,000.

Twenty-four years have passed since the triumphant entry of Italian troops into Rome, and accordingly there was much congratulation in city and country on Sept. 20, the anniversary of the event.

The latest developments in the Korean War are noted in another part of this issue.

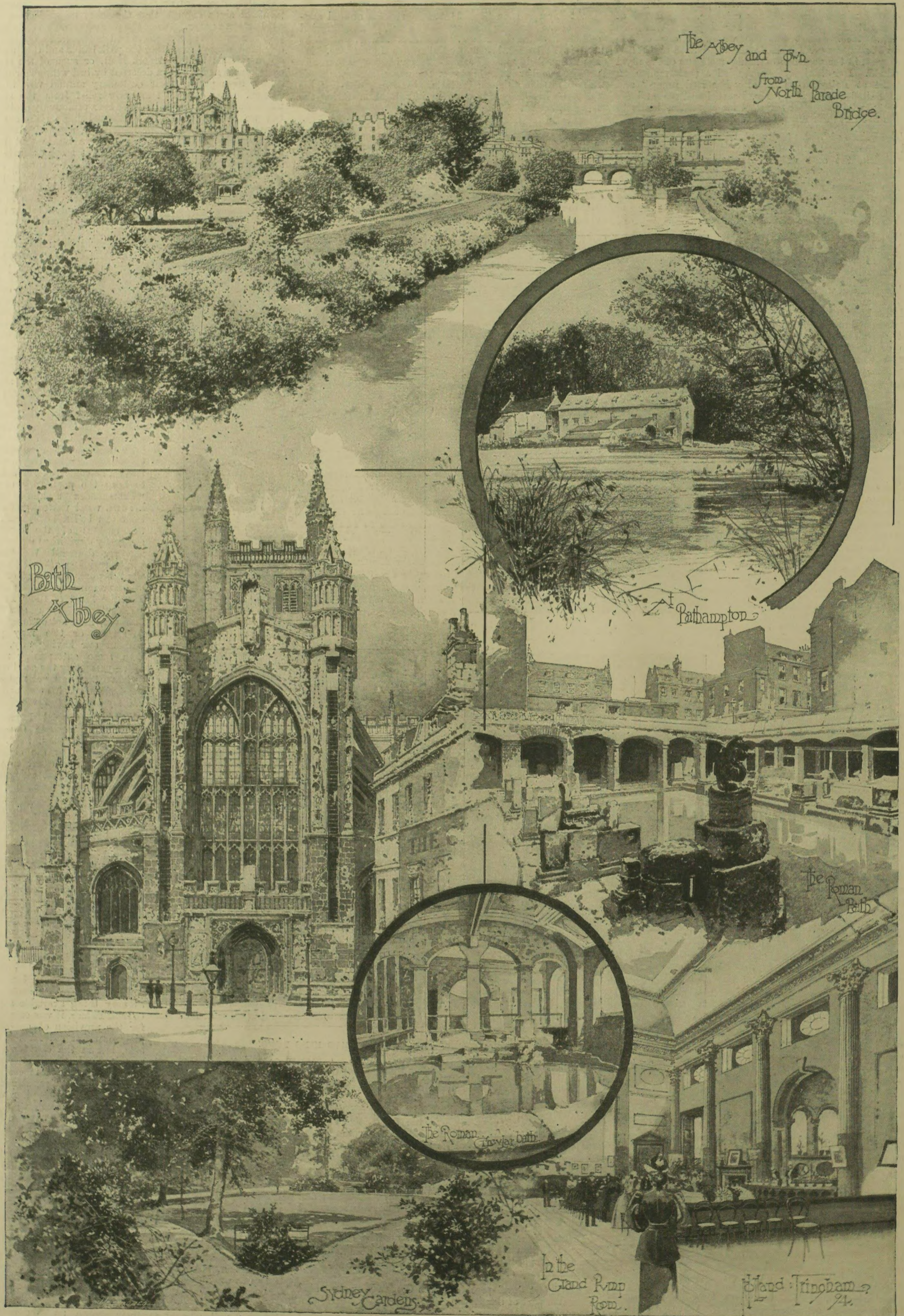
The Netherlands Budget gives evidence of unusual expenditure caused by the recent warfare. There is a deficit of eight million florins, which will have to be met by a loan.

MUSIC.

Although metropolitan amateurs cannot, perhaps, be accurately described as "thirsting for music," there are plentiful signs enough that they will be glad when the dead season is over. Since the doors of the Opera closed just two months ago, we have had no music in London of any kind, always excepting the park bands and the Sunday organ recitals at the Albert Hall, or such of the street entertainers as have been deterred by bad weather or other causes from paying their customary annual visit to the seaside. For even a temporary relief from the street music nuisance most people have been profoundly grateful; but we dare say the fact of there being no Promenade Concerts has, on the other hand, been a genuine matter for regret to lovers of the high-class music that used to find its way into the programme of these concerts, at any rate on the "classical" evenings. We cannot help thinking that the dropping of the "Promenades," presumably because they have not paid of late years, is owing to deterioration in the concerts themselves rather than want of interest on the part of the public. From the period of their revival by the Gattis in the middle of the "seventies" down to three or four years ago, we used to see Covent Garden crammed nearly every night during August and September. The scene was bright and full of life, the orchestra consisted of the best available material, the music was generally popular in one sense or the other, and the conductor, if he could not boast the magic influence of a Jullien, was by no means a musician to be despised, were he Jules Riviére or Luigi Arditi, Arthur Sullivan or Frederic Cowen. In the later seasons poor Gwyllyn Crowe assumed the baton, and, though he contrived for a time to keep the popularity of the "Promenades" up and to make his own vocal waltzes go down, there can be little question that the success of the concerts gradually diminished under this recently deceased Welshman, whose training, after all, never went beyond the level of the ordinary military bandmaster's. That the knell of the "Promenades" has been sounded, however, need not be imagined. A season or two may pass without our having any, and then some enterprising manager—possessing the good sense to leave their musical management entirely to his conductor—will try them once more.

At the Crystal Palace a series of Promenade Concerts began on Saturday, Sept. 22, and, judging by the crowded attendance, this effort to provide local musical enjoyment for the inhabitants of Sydenham on Saturday evenings must have been very heartily welcomed. The series will continue for several weeks, and well-known vocalists have been engaged for each concert, Madame Alice Gomez and Mr. William Ludwig having assisted on the above-mentioned date. In the afternoon of the same day a costume recital of "Phlémon et Baucis" was given in the theatre by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners prior to a tour in the provinces, arranged by these artists, wherein Gounod's opera will form the *pièce de résistance*. Scenery being available at the Crystal Palace, it was employed for the provision of one stage picture which did for the two acts, but in the country none will be used, though the performers will appear in costume and go through the action as though giving a regular stage representation. The parts of Baucis and Jupiter were familiar to Madame Moody and her husband, who had played them with the Carl Rosa Company when the opera was first given in English. A more sympathetic and pleasing representative of the heroine could not have been desired; while rather exacting, the music was sung by Madame Moody with a good deal of grace and *aplomb*. The humour as well as the dignity appertaining to the character of Jupiter were cleverly suggested by Mr. Charles Manners, who has a capital voice and knows how to use it. Mr. John Child was the Phlémon, and Mr. Ernest Delsart, though not a born comedian, made a tolerably effective Vulcan. Full justice was done to Gounod's charming instrumentation by the Crystal Palace orchestra—not Mr. Manns's famous Saturday combination, but his very excellent everyday band—and the opera was ably conducted by Signor Angelo Mascheroni.

To a certain section of the musical public it will be good news to learn that Mr. William Boosey's Ballad Concerts will commence their season on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, and will continue until March 13. Doubtless they will sustain their reputation for crowded and enthusiastic audiences in St. James's Hall.





BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER XX.

The weeks dragged by. Every day lagged, every hour drew itself out to the uttermost, and yet each one as it passed left dread and fright wrapped closer and closer round Katherine's heart. She felt as if she were living her last days of life; in three weeks the end would come, and she knew perfectly what that end would be. Sometimes the old longing beset her to journey on and see the rest of the world. "My dear beautiful world," she said to herself as she walked up the little red road towards the spot where King Otho's daughter had once lived in a cottage and found happiness. "I wish I could go on—could tramp on through you for ever, seeing all your seas, looking up at your mountains, and staying to rest a little among the people who belong to you. I am strong and well and young, and don't want to die; but when I do I am glad to think that I shall be put into the earth and grow into it till I become just a little part of the world itself. Perhaps some day I shall come out in the sunshine again, and feel it falling soft and warm upon me; or shall have seed planted in me and flowers growing up, or wind myself round the root of a great tree while my soul climbs into a branch and looks down on the little figures walking to and fro, till it is time for them, too, to pay themselves as tribute into the earth on which they have lived."

The New Year came. Miss Bennett was dying, painlessly, but surely. Her sister had arrived, a gaunt, cheerful woman, evidently quite reconciled to her sister's going, and hoping not to be detained too long away from her husband and children.

"Poor Sarah was a woman who always grumbled," she explained to Katherine—it was the last afternoon of Miss Bennett's life. "She was never satisfied with things, and I don't wonder; she found them pretty hard, poor dear. Father wasn't fond of her as a child, and after mother died he hurried her away from home to earn her living. She taught French and music in schools for years, and saved a little money, and went to stay with some rich cousins in Staffordshire; and that was the worst thing that ever happened to her, for she fell in love with a man who has been the ruin of her life, though she hasn't seen him for years and years now."

"How was he the ruin of her life?" Katherine asked. She and Mrs. Wells were walking up and down the garden of the pension, while Miss Crockett watched a few minutes beside the invalid.

"He thought she was well off, as the relations she was staying with were: so he made love to her, and she liked him. Afterwards, when he found she had no money, he jeered at the idea of marriage, and deserted her. She has never ceased thinking of him, or cared for anyone else, though she knows perfectly what he is. It is knowing what he is that has made her so hard and dissatisfied."

"But do you think she likes him still?"

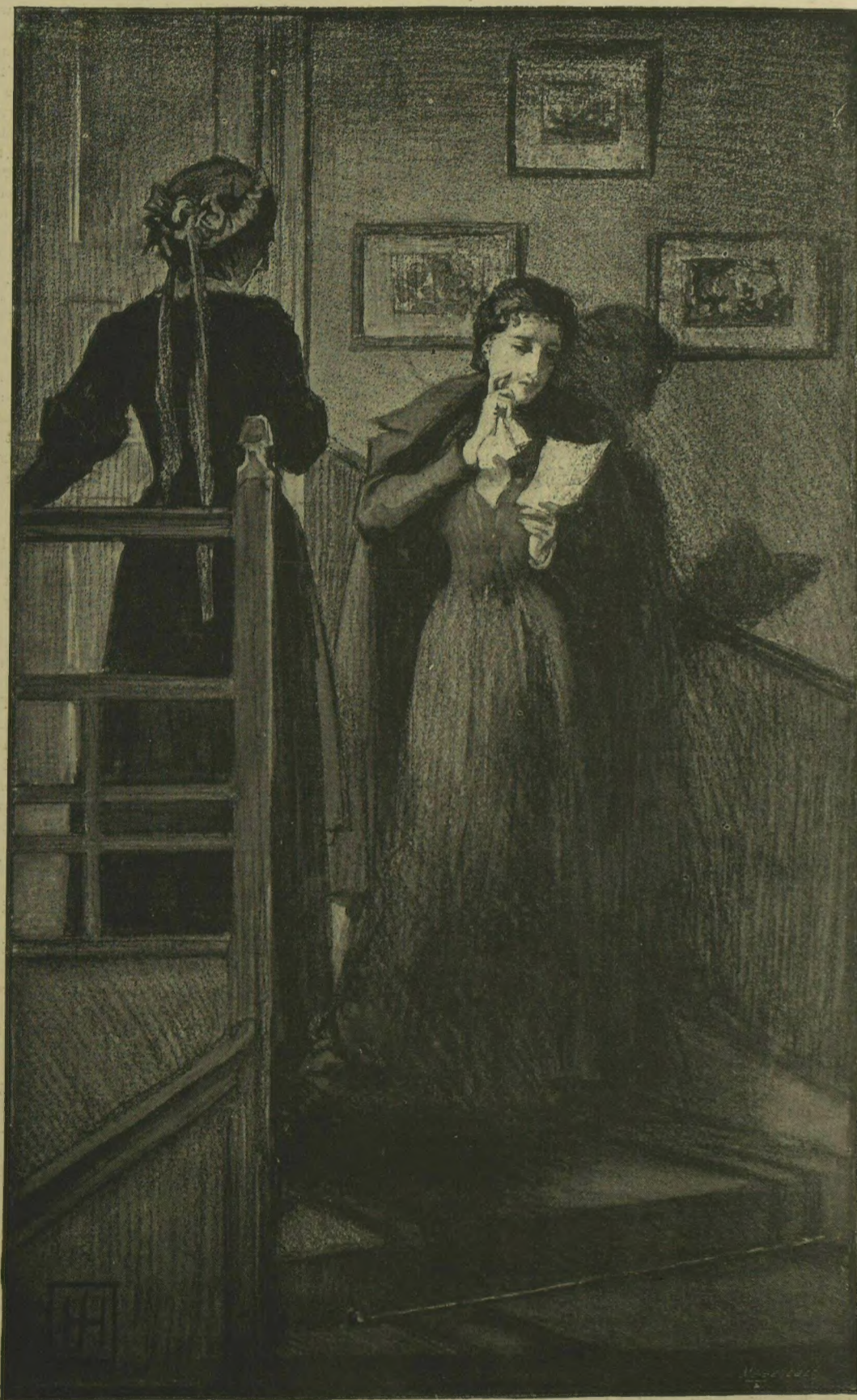
"I feel certain that she thinks of him day and night, though she hasn't seen him for fifteen years. He's a bad man, and cares for nothing but money and hurting people who come in his way. Some men like to see others suffer, and he does, for I know many things about him besides his conduct to Sarah. I saw him just before I left London, and told him she was dying. He said she had written and asked him to come out and say good-bye to her."

"And he refused?"

"He was too busy," he said, and a cruel, triumphant look came over his face; as if he rejoiced that she was dying and alone. I don't wonder his wife ran away from him, though he only married her a year or two ago—a girl, too; as if any girl would live with Edward Belcher!"

"Edward Belcher! Is that his name?" Katherine exclaimed. Mrs. Wells was looking at the orange-trees, and did not see her face.

"Yes, that is his name," she answered. "And Sarah has spent her whole life loving a man who doesn't even exist, or, rather, wasted it, hoping he would be different and begin to



Elizabeth was waiting outside; she had a letter in her hand and a lighted candle. "Perhaps you would like to read it," she said, and held up the light as they stood on the staircase.

exist as she imagined him, and that he, who has never cared for anything or anyone but himself, would then begin to care for her. Well, I have a good husband myself, and I don't believe in men being bad, unless it is one now and then, but I don't believe that men ever suffer what women do on their account; it is a good thing if some of us can plague them a bit. Let's go in. Miss Crockett said she would put up a white handkerchief at the window when Sarah woke, and I saw her pin it to the curtain."

Miss Bennett was awake and sensible. Her eyes wandered restlessly round the room. "I don't want you, Grace," she said to her sister; "I want to talk to Katherine about her own concerns, while you go and get her some tea. I have been thinking about that money," she said when they were alone—"the hundred pounds that came to Generoso. Did you send it to me? You wanted to give me some money a few days before. I thought, perhaps—" She closed her eyes for a moment, unable to go on. "Did you?" she asked, clutching at the frill of the square white pillow under her head.

"No, indeed, I didn't," Katherine answered; and wondered whether she might tell her the truth. But while she hesitated, a smile that was almost happy broke over Miss Bennett's face.

"I am glad of that," she said, "and Grace knows nothing about it either. I think," and she looked up with a strange expression in her eyes, "that it was sent me by someone I have known a long, long time, and used to like very much. I am glad he sent it," she whispered, "it shows that he thought of me, and wanted me to be comfortable at the last. I wish you knew him, Katherine; perhaps you will one day. I heard only lately that he married someone who was called Kerr. Perhaps it was a relation—you will know him," she went on in a half-rambling manner, "then you can give him the message. Grace never liked him, and perhaps she wouldn't give it."

"Give what message?" Katherine asked in a low voice.

"To Edward. I should like him to know that nothing made any difference—perhaps he didn't mean to be unkind. He had to be prudent—a man has to be prudent, you know. Perhaps things were hard upon him when he was a boy—it always tells on people when they grow up."

"What shall I say to him?"

"That I sent him my love. I know you will do it some day, for you are a good girl, and I hope you will marry young Alford. Don't let anything stand in the way—it is a pity to let anything stand in the way—money or anything." She shut her eyes for a moment, and then the smile broke over her face again. "I am glad I know," she said, in a happy satisfied voice, "that he sent me his money—he has given me everything I have had for the last two months—he must have felt that I belonged to him."

That night Miss Bennett died.

CHAPTER XXI.

Another fortnight, nearly three weeks, and then Katherine sat in her little room at Laigueglia writing letters. She felt as if she would never get through them, for she stopped so many times to gather courage: every word seemed to be torn out of her heart and life. The first one was to Mrs. Alford.

"Jim told me that you were very angry," it ran, "and I could tell that it was so from the letter you sent me before he came. But you said in that letter, and he repeated it, that you wished me to go to you if I did what you and he considered to be right. And this I am going to do, dear Mummy. I know Jim starts on the twenty-sixth, a week to-morrow, and on that day I shall leave Laigueglia and journey slowly towards England—slowly, for my feet will have to be dragged one after the other, even though they are taking me to you at Chilworth. I will write to my uncle by this post, as you wished, telling him everything that I have done, and giving him your address, and saying that he will find me there. I will write to Mr. Belcher too, telling him that I am coming, and that uncle Robert will know my whereabouts. Now, will you forgive me everything, dearest Mummy? Though I fear I do not do it so much for love of what is right, as for love of Jim and you. But just as I have learnt to see that of one sin another is born, so perhaps of one good deed, and that your kindness to me, and of one thing that is divine—for surely love that is strong and pure is divine—good may be born! However terrible it is to do, I know that what I am doing is right—though it seems to me as if the wrong would have been better, since it would have made for happiness. But this, again, is only one of the tangles we cannot understand, and I know that we should steer towards the light, though we lose everything we care for most on the way. I know, too, that I would give thankfully and joyfully any hopes or happiness that might be mine, or even my life itself, for love of Jim and you, and I give you this deed in token of it."

"I shall be with you on Monday night, dear Mummy, and will tell uncle Robert so. Perhaps he will not come to me till Tuesday, and then I shall have that little time alone with you, and you will make me strong to carry out all this; and I will love you and try to comfort you a little because Jim is with you no longer. Let me send my love to him—for love of him has only led me to do what is right, dear Mummy, and I do not think that Heaven would grudge it to me. Tell him that I shall start on my journey towards you on that same day—Friday, the 26th—that he will start on his away from you.—Your loving KATHERINE."

Then there came the long explanatory letter to her Uncle Robert, and one to Mrs. Oswald, telling her all that she had done and begging that she might find a line awaiting her when she arrived at Chilworth. And then she wrote a little note to Susan, apologising for all the trouble she had caused her, and hoping that some day they might meet again. Last of all there was the letter to her husband. It was more difficult than any other to write—

"You never cared for me," she said, "but I do not wonder, for I was so much younger than you, and knew so little; I always felt in your way—and I was. But I was

not fair to you, and did wrong when I took my fate altogether into my own hands, and I beg you to forgive me and to let me live quietly away from you, so that you do not remember anything about me to vex you. It is no use pretending that I care for you or could be happy with you, for that would be untrue; but I will leave everything in Uncle Robert's hands: he will tell you where I am and decide what is best to be done."

She went out while her strength lasted and posted her letters, feeling as if she had posted her death-sentence, and as if she were going to follow it to the place of execution. She walked back along the sands and picked up a Venus's slipper, and having looked at it wonderingly, threw it into the sea. She remembered the orange garden behind the hotel, and went back towards it, and up a mountain pathway for half a mile, and looked at the sea and the bay and the island, and the mountain chain right and left of her: soon she would have seen them all for the last time. She gathered some Banxia roses, and went up higher. There was a little ruined chapel dedicated to the Virgin. She sat down and leant her head against its wall, "she was a woman and suffered, and it comforts me to sit here," she said to herself. "If only I could understand things better! Why should so many women have prayed and wept out their hearts to the Virgin if she cannot hear or help them; and if she can, why is the knowledge of it denied to so many others? It seems sometimes as if we were all hopelessly blind and deaf, or as if there were some strange senses in us tied down and unable to explain the things that are or are not. It isn't to be wondered at if most of us go astray. If I wanted to make myself more miserable still, it would be easy enough to sit and think that love and pain and death and the wide world's beauty are the only things that really exist."

Friday morning—the twenty-sixth—dawned.

She was going to leave Laigueglia by the ten o'clock train. Jim would not start from Chilworth till the afternoon, for she remembered hearing him say that the Indian mail started late. She had never travelled very far alone by land before, but what did it matter? Suppose she were killed, it would not be worse than going back to Mr. Belcher. She had miscalculated the time the journey would take when she wrote her letters. She might have stayed at Laigueglia till Saturday night or Sunday morning, and yet been in time to get to Mrs. Alford's by Monday night; but having said that she would start on Friday, she could not bring herself to depart from a word that she had written. So she stood packed and ready at the little station. The Italian woman with whom she had lodged came to see her off, and kissed her, and gave her a bough of oranges as a parting gift, and Katherine thought her heart would break when she heard her last "Addio, Signora!" as the train moved off. She saw her own little window from the train—the window to which she had held up the light as Jim went by with an answering flash. But she tried to keep down all thoughts of him and of that night by the sea. It must be forgotten; everything must be forgotten, except that for his sake—his sake, and not the Mummy's, as her heart knew well—she was going to do this saddest, hardest thing on earth.

The train went on in the sunshine between the mountains, and the landscape yellow with oranges on the one hand, and the blue sea on the other. She looked from side to side wonderingly, and it seemed as if every moment the earth grew more beautiful, but she was going away from it. Past all the little villages with the happy peasants in them, and the shrines and the churches and the little town with the prison in the shape of a cross, past San Remo, with its big hotels and air of fashion, past Bordighera with its palm-trees, and on to Ventimiglia; then, like a dream-woman, she got out to change over to the French side, wondering if it could be really true that she was awake, taking this journey alone, and in order to give herself up to Mr. Belcher.

All manner of wild ideas came into her head as she scurried along. She thought of Eltham Palace and the moat, and the crane standing on one leg. Perhaps it remembered Anne Boleyn, and knew how she felt on her way to Tower Hill. She thought of Alice Alford's joke about Anne dancing with her head in her pocket in the palace of Eltham. There was a gallery at one end in which the musicians had sat, never dreaming that perhaps some day their ghosts would come back and sit there playing music that had no sound in it, to an empty hall turned into a barn. Katherine felt as if she were going through life with her head in her pocket. Who knows? She might dance or laugh—what did it matter? All the time she would be a dead woman. And then she laughed out bitterly, and broke down and cried, and told herself for the thousandth time that nothing would matter more, her life had come to an end, and she was going back to Mr. Belcher for an eternity. She slept at Marseilles, a long dreamless sleep, a stranger in a strange land and a big hotel, and wondered in the morning what to do next, for she had too much time on her hands. It would have been far better to rush the journey through. Finally, she decided to stay all day at Marseilles; but she had no heart to walk about. She was a prisoner going back to jail, and had no business to behave like a free woman.

So Saturday passed. Jim was in the train; she was not sure of his route, but she imagined that he must be somewhere in the middle of France. It was something to be in the same land with him. "Good-bye," she said to herself; "I am doing this for you, and you know it by this time. Good-bye." She left Marseilles that night, and travelled through to Paris, and stayed another long day in an hotel seeing nothing of the city to which she had come. What a strange thing it was to be there and not to move a step outward! But she was a prisoner, she told herself again, and had no more right than she had heart to go a-pleasuring. She meant to start at night again—it seemed easier to travel in the dark, for then she could not see the distance lessening between her and her doom. But on the way to Calais she shook off her depression, and felt

her courage come back. After all Mr. Belcher was certain to consent to a separation. Had he not told her that he liked somebody else better? Oh, how terrible it was to remember that, and to think of poor Miss Bennett dying happily because she imagined that Jim's money had come from the man who had ruined her life. It was this last knowledge that added a touch of horror to her thoughts of Mr. Belcher. But Miss Bennett was at rest, poor soul, and as for her—for Katherine—she felt that Uncle Robert would manage things, and would not be so cruel as to let her go back to jeers and blows; and now that there was probably no prospect of any money Mr. Belcher would not desire it.

She reached Charing Cross in the early morning, and still her courage held by her. After all she was going to the Mummy that day, to see Jim's home, to hear how he had set forth, and whether he had left a message for her; perhaps he had written her just a word to wish her a last good-bye. But there was another long day to get through first. She felt shy of going to Chilworth before the evening; the Mummy would not expect her, and might have other visitors. Then suddenly the idea struck her that she would go to Eltham; the crane was gone long years ago; but there was the palace and the moat, and the way through the church and across the corn-field to the woods that led to Shooters' Hill.

So she walked through the quaint old place that day and stood before the palace, and saw the moat, and the little bridge and the gnarled trees that looked as if centuries had passed since they were saplings. Then she went on to the church; and suddenly the bells rang out a peal. Two people were being married; she wondered if they loved each other, and whether they thought it all a joke, and marriage a pastime that did not need much thinking about before they entered upon it, and, above all, if they were taking each other of their own free will or because they had been talked and persuaded into it. She went across the corn-fields, brown and bare in the winter sunshine, and over the stile to the woods. A wooden hoarding had been put up on one side of them: someone had enclosed half the ground. What did it matter? Perhaps she would never see them again. She trod the dead leaves under foot, and looked up through the brown boughs and twigs at the winter sky. There were hips and blackberry briars trailing on either side the pathway with scarce a leaf upon them; but the holly-bushes looked green and sturdy. A thrush flew overhead, giving out a sweet, fresh note, while a little robin hopped along the ground as though it were a bird of lowlier degree. She sat down on a tree that had been felled, and spent a whole two hours thinking: then a clock in the distance struck two. It was time to go. She was afraid to go out of the wood by Severndroog Tower, for it was there that Mr. Belcher had found her on the evening that he asked her to marry him. She took the narrow path that led to the high road opposite the Bull, and walked slowly down Shooters' Hill till she came to the turning with the well at the corner. The White House was only a step beyond. A high fence, through which she could not see, half hid it from the roadway; but the strangers who had come to live there had children, for she heard their voices playing in the garden. She turned back and went swiftly past the post-office and the Red Lion, till she came to the lane between the stuffed-bird shop and Ordnance Terrace—an old lady, in a widow's cap, and a girl stood by the window of the first house. She thought of them for a minute as she hurried round the corner. She almost ran past the cottages in the lane and on to the common, and through the White Gate, and safely to the station.

It was more than an hour's journey from Charing Cross to Chilworth, and the twilight deepened into darkness as the train went through the pine woods of Surrey; but she was there at last, and stood in the darkness and cold wondering what to do. She had had a vague hope that there might be a message for her at the station, with some direction to the house, but there was none. The way was up a lane between two green hedges—the railway porter pointed it out—she could scarcely see it through the darkness. She walked on, afraid of the loneliness and stillness, for half a mile perhaps, then the road ascended, and she could dimly see that there was an open space with a road turning to the right and left.

"Mrs. Alford's," a man said in answer to her inquiry; "take the road to the left—it is the second house. You'll find 'Rooks' Nest' written up on the gate." Tired and footsore with the long day's tramp, but with a sense of scare and hurry that carried her along, she went for another quarter of a mile, then she stopped suddenly by a gate. It led to a house with fir-trees standing up black and straight beside it. She pushed open the gate and found her way to the door.

The bell rang loudly, as though the house inside were hollow. She could hardly keep her trembling self upright while she heard someone within coming to answer it. A tall woman of five-and-forty stood and looked at her. By the dim light of the hall Katherine could see that she was pale and sorrowful-looking.

"Is this Mrs. Alford's?" she asked in a voice she tried to make steady.

"Yes," said the woman slowly. "You are the lady from Italy, I suppose? I am to let you in—the mistress will see you for a minute. Will you come into the dining-room?" She led the way into a dark cold room, putting a light she carried from the hall down on the table. Then she shut the door and went towards Katherine and looked at her. "The mistress said I was to tell you first, Ma'am, and before you went to her," she said with infinite pity in her voice. "You needn't mind my telling you instead of her, for I have been with them more or less these five-and-twenty years, and knew Mr. Jim since he was a little boy."

"Yes," said Katherine, not dreaming of what was to come.

"And the mistress told me how fond you were of him and what a blow it would be—"

"Yes, but what?" she asked, a dread of something terrible taking hold of her. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes," said the woman, nodding and speaking in a voice

that was almost a sob, "the very worst that could be has happened. Mr. Jim was to start on Friday—"

"I know."

"And on Thursday night he died, dear heart, and this day he was buried."

"Oh, my God!" Katherine cried, and fell forward. But the woman caught her and almost carried her to the leather sofa behind them, and sat down beside her, and took off her hat and smoothed the hair from her forehead. "Oh, no, no!" she said presently, "it can't be—it can't be!"

"Ah, poor dear, the mistress said you loved him," the woman answered, "and what it would be to you. It was the fever that took him, on the top of a chill that he got just three days before, and he seemed to have no strength to fight it off, though he had always been a strong man, and was, to look at, till the last."

Then a quarter of an hour went by, that in looking back upon afterwards always seemed to Katherine to have been like years.

"Did you say that she would see me?" she asked at last.

"Yes, Ma'am, she will see you," the woman answered gently, with the helpful manner that only belongs to an old servant, "but you mustn't stay with her many minutes, for she has gone through a terrible day, and the doctor says she is better alone. But you shall see her, and then you must come away with me, and I'll give you food and put you to rest, and you shall cry your heart out, dear, for tears will

to answer for. I let you know at once in case he should be down upon you, but remember Fred and I will stand by you hard and fast."

Katherine read it twice, but even then she was so dazed she could hardly take it in; and when she did it seemed so trilling a calamity she could not realise it. She looked up at Elizabeth bewildered. "Which was his room?" she asked, like a woman who was dreaming.

"That one just a few steps down," the woman answered, "there—above the hall. You had better not see it to-night, dearie."

"Yes, let me," she pleaded. Without a word Elizabeth led the way and opened the door. Stillness and death seemed to stare them in the face. There was a bookcase beside the fireplace, and on the other side were two portmanteaus and a tin case piled one on the other. Between the windows and the fireplace was the bedstead, but only a mattress covered with a sheet was on it, and at the head a pillow. Between the bed and the windows a space seemed to have been cleared; it looked as though something had stood there that had been carried out.

"Did he die there?" she asked, looking towards the bed.

"Yes," nodded Elizabeth; "with his head on that pillow. It may be you would like to be alone a few minutes," and putting the light on a chest of drawers, she went softly from the room. Then Katherine went up to the bed and kneeling beside it took the pillow and hid her face in it.

Suddenly there was a sharp ringing of the front-door bell.

POSSIBLE CLAIMANTS TO THE FRENCH THRONE.

It is stated that the second son, Don Francesco or François de Bourbon, of Henri de Bourbon, Duke of Seville, the Carlist Spanish Bourbon Prince killed by the Duc de Montpensier in a duel at Madrid in 1870, has assured the Government of Spain that he does not intend to allow himself to be put forward as a claimant of the throne of France or to style himself Duke of Anjou. He is displeased by the conduct of some Carlist partisans who have, since the death of the Comte de Paris, advanced such pretensions in his name. The Carlist Bourbon princely family are the descendants of King Charles IV. of Spain, grandson of King Philip V., who was grandson of King Louis XIV. of France. Their claim to reign in Spain, since the death of King Ferdinand VII. in 1833, has rested on the old Salic Law excluding female successors. King Ferdinand, in 1830, procured the legislative abolition of the Salic Law, and bequeathed the crown to his daughter Isabella, grandmother of the present young King of Spain. Isabella being an infant when she became Queen, her accession was resisted, in a long civil war, by her uncle "Don Carlos," who has left heirs, his grandson now calling himself Duke of Madrid. But the son of Don Carlos renounced his pretensions to the throne. Another uncle of Queen Isabella's was Francesco, third brother of King Ferdinand; his son was Henri, Duke of Seville, who left two sons now living, Henri and



DOÑA FRANÇOIS MARIE DE BOURBON.



FRANÇOIS MARIE DE BOURBON, GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

POSSIBLE CLAIMANTS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

help you most." Something in the woman's manner told Katherine that she knew the whole history of her coming. "There is a letter for you, dear," she went on, "but you had better see the mistress first, and I'll get it for you meanwhile."

"Is it from Jim?" she asked, starting, with a sudden hope.

"No, it only came an hour ago."

Mrs. Alford was sitting in her own room in a high-backed easy chair, over a deadened fire. She looked round when Katherine entered, but made no other sign till the girl, kneeling down in front of her, silently kissed her black dress. Then she lifted her hands and put them on Katherine's head, and silently took her in her arms for a moment.

"He saw your letter," she said, "and told me to take care of you: and I will. But I can't speak of it to-night, or think of anyone but him."

"Oh, Mummy, dear Mummy!" came like a little wail from Katherine's lips, and there was a long silence.

"You shall belong to me," the old lady said again; "but you must leave me alone now. I am trying to think that it was a blessed thing to have had him to love, but it is hard to feel anything except that he has gone. You must go to Elizabeth." Then Katherine kissed her dress again, and the thin hands that rested on it, and went reverently from the room.

Elizabeth was waiting outside; she had a letter in her hand and a lighted candle. "Perhaps you would like to read it," she said, and held up the light as they stood on the staircase. It was from Mrs. Oswald.

"My dear," it said, "I have seen your aunt, and she has confided to me that your uncle has given Mr. Belcher your address—from a sense of duty, I suppose. Duty has many cruel things in this world

She heard footsteps go towards it, and buried her face deeper into the pillow and pulled it round her head, and bit its white cover, and kissed it with the wild kisses of passion and despair. Then the door was opened, and her own name and a voice she knew well enough fell upon her ear. Someone entered, and the street-door was closed.

Mr. Belcher had found her.

THE END.

SPIRIT SPEECH.

How green that cedar grows against the west,

The grey west full of rain!

The flickering firelight here within the room

Frets all the gloom,

The twilight comes storm-laden o'er the plain,

Great drops like blood beat down on earth's rough breast.

The room is full of flowers; near my hand

Are violets blue and white,

And lilies' fragrant breath each corner fills,

And slender daffodils

Touch the dusk spaces with a tender light,

And each have speech for those who understand.

Ah! rain like tears: Ah! twilight talk of flowers

That mingle and are one!

Our souls can only guess at all you mean,

When hushed they lean

O'er dreamland bars at golden set of sun,

Or slumber, shut in visions, through dark hours.

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

François. The latter, born at Toulouse in 1853, is a General in the Spanish Army. He married at New York a rich Cuban lady, who died, and four years ago entered wedlock the second time with Doña Felisa de Leone de Balboa.

The German Press representatives are kept very busy in following their Emperor, who is becoming an exceedingly fluent speaker. Of his address at Thorn recently there were so many versions, all of them meagre in length, that a gentleman who had taken down the Emperor's speech verbatim for his own practice, and possibly pleasure, felt compelled to give the full transcription of his notes.

Mr. Watts, R.A., not long ago presented to the United States his fine picture entitled "Love and Life," which was exhibited at the World's Fair. He has now received from the State Department at Washington an engrossed copy of the Act of Congress accepting with gratitude this handsome gift. The painting is housed in the Executive Mansion at Washington. Probably no modern artist has been so liberal in the distribution of his works as Mr. Watts, who proceeds on the theory that a man should carry out his benefactions in his lifetime.

At the same time as the dissolution of the Spenser Society is announced, Mr. George Allen informs the literary world that he intends issuing a new edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." It will be published in eighteen monthly parts, in an elegant style that cannot fail to attract the book-lover. Mr. Walter Crane has been engaged on the work of illustrating the masterpiece for some time, and subscribers will now have the opportunity of seeing how artistically he has interpreted Spenser. The size will be large post-quarto, and the paper will be Arnold's handmade; a specially designed cover and title-page will further add to the attractions of this *édition de luxe*.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU.

At the head of Corea Bay, the north-eastern part of the Yellow Sea, is the estuary, very narrow at its entrance, but an inlet twenty miles long, of the Annok or Yalu, the large river that divides China from Corea. Here, on Monday, Sept. 17, the Chinese fleet, commanded by Admiral Ting, fought the Japanese fleet, with all the weapons of European naval warfare, from noon till dusk. On both sides, as it appears from all accounts, the native officers and seamen of the two rival Eastern Asiatic empires showed as much persevering courage as any modern sea-fights have displayed. Their guns and torpedoes were skilfully handled, but the exhibition of manœuvring skill was limited by the contracted space of water. The destruction of ships, in proportion to the number engaged in conflict, was unusually great, and so was the loss of life. Three of the strongest Chinese war-ships were sunk, while another was burnt or blown up. The Chinese succeeded, having begun work at an earlier hour, in landing troops from the transports which they convoyed. But they cannot be deemed to have escaped a naval defeat, and their forces at sea are much weakened, probably beyond repair.

It was the day after the first, likely to be the last, important action of the military campaign in Corea, the capture of the only effective Chinese army at Ping-Yang, nearly a hundred miles south-east of the Yalu inlet on the road from the Chinese frontier to Seoul, the capital city. The landing of the fresh troops from China could therefore be of no use, but on the Friday before, Sept. 14, when they were embarked, Ping-Yang being deemed a strong position, there seemed good reason for sending military reinforcements. Li Hung Chang's administration is not lightly to be blamed. Nor does the conduct of Admiral Ting appear deserving of censure. He had to convoy six



Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE CHINESE PROTECTED CRUISER "CHIH-YUEN," SUNK AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

Tsi-Yuen, and *Ping-Yuen*, smaller vessels, the first two with armour-belts and strong turrets, the last unarmoured, carrying 10-ton or 12-ton Krupp guns; six unarmoured

ashore; the war-ships anchored outside. This is the Chinese account; but the Japanese say, not quite credibly, that they sighted the Chinese fleet at sea about noon, and chased it for an hour to the Yalu inlet. It would have suited Admiral Ting much better, with his superior force, to have fought on the open sea. The Japanese fighting line consisted of nine war-ships, none at all equal to the two large Chinese ironclads; they had the *Matsushima*, of 4277 tons displacement, partially armoured, carrying one large gun and a dozen smaller guns; the *Yoshino*, of which we lately gave an illustration and description, and which is of equal size; the *Mi-yei*, a slightly armoured cruiser with three 3½-ton Krupp guns, but no first-class battle-ship. Three gun-boats and five torpedo-boats completed the Japanese force, which was commanded by Admiral Ito.

The Chinese war-ships, at the enemy's approach, formed up in single line to defend the entrance to the Yalu estuary. Nine Japanese ships attacked them, directing their fire mostly on the *Chen-Yuen* and the *Ting-Yuen*, till the *Chen-Yuen* had two of her guns disabled. After a while, two Japanese cruisers, the *Yoshino* and the *Akitsushima*, followed by three torpedo-boats, tried to break through the Chinese line at one end, to get in and destroy the transports. The *Ching-Yuen* and *Chao-Yung*, being approached by torpedo-boats, moved astern to avoid them. The two Japanese ships which had entered were driven out, very much damaged. But the two Chinese ships last named, and two or three others, encountered worse disaster. The *Chao-Yung* ran ashore, could not get off, and was set on fire by the enemy's shells; the *King-Yuen*, her decks pierced by a shell, also took fire and sank; the *Chen-Yuen*'s big guns were disabled; the transport *Yang-Wei* got aground and was burnt; and the *Chih-Yuen*, after stoutly fighting three hours, was struck by a torpedo and sank with all her crew. No Japanese ship was actually destroyed, but they retired much knocked about when the fighting stopped. The remnant of the Chinese fleet next day made for Port Arthur, but seems to have become rather scattered, the transports returning to different harbours of China.



THE CHINESE UNARMOURED CRUISER "CHAO-YUNG," BURNT AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

transports into the Yalu River inlet, not to seek a combat if it could be evaded. His fighting fleet consisted of the large and powerful ironclads, *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen*, carrying 37-ton Krupp guns; the *King-Yuen*, *Lai-Yuen*,

cruisers, similarly armed with guns; and four torpedo-boats; making a very respectable force. He was at the Yalu early on Monday morning.

The transports entered the river to put the troops



Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE CHINESE IRONCLAD BATTLE-SHIP "KING-YUEN," SUNK AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.



Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE CHINESE PROTECTED CRUISER "CHING-YUEN," ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.



THE CHINESE ARMY: DISCIPLINE ON THE MARCH.

LITERATURE.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MEMOIRS.

BY SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

The Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow. Edited by C. H. Firth. (Clarendon Press).—Often as Ludlow's Memoirs have been printed, they stood in need of a competent editor, and they have at last found one in Mr. Firth. Everything that Ludlow's readers need to know has now been told them, and they will be able to carry away with them a distinct impression of what may be taken as mere hearsay, and what may be set down as the fairly accurate narrative of a man who recounts actions in which he himself took part, some years after the events recorded by him took place. Mr. Firth has, moreover, added appendices containing important matter hitherto unpublished.

Memoirs written by one of the actors in the great drama of the seventeenth century are the more valuable because so few of those who took the Parliamentary side told their own story in a form which has reached posterity. Of Manchester's Memoirs we possess but a fragment, and those of Holles and Fairfax are of no great merit. Of letters—more valuable than memoirs—we have but few. Cromwell's correspondence has happily been to a great extent preserved, but how little do we possess from the pens of Hampden, Pym, or Vane? The probable explanation is that the recipients of their letters thought it prudent to burn them at the Restoration, and certainly neither Hampden, Pym, nor Vane had the leisure to compose memoirs, as Ludlow had during his long years of exile.

Everyone of importance who lived during the Civil War and the Commonwealth was certain to come across Cromwell, and the most generally remembered scene in Ludlow's life is that in which, after long discussion on the advantages of retaining a Monarchy or establishing a Republic, Cromwell, as Ludlow recounts—

"Took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs; but I overtook him with another which made him hasten down faster than he desired."

The anecdote is usually repeated as evidence of Cromwell's fondness for horseplay, but it may also be quoted as evidence of Cromwell's difficulties, and, it may be added, of the difficulties of all real statesmen with men of Ludlow's character. When we have thrown over Carlyle's notion that Cromwell was a demi-god, and all who opposed him fools, if not knaves, we can recognise in "solid Ludlow" a form of opposition which Cromwell was sure to find, and which it was well for England that he should find. To Cromwell, anxious for "settlement" on almost any constitutional terms, and careless whether the Government were called a Monarchy or a Republic, if only it gave free play to the forces which in his opinion made for the good of the nation, nothing could be more irritating than contradiction from one who, like Ludlow, had an unbending theory in his mind from which he refused to vary by a hair's-breadth. Yet it is just these theorists who stiffen the political thought of the nation, and who prevent the practical men of expediency from drifting hither and thither till they come to be mere swallows of principles and catchers of votes.

There are, however, theorists and theorists, and Ludlow is a very human theorist indeed. He stands out with rigid firmness for a Commonwealth in which Parliament is supreme. He wanted, as he told Cromwell on the occasion mentioned above, to have "an equal Commonwealth, founded upon the consent of the people and providing for the rights and liberties of all men, that we might have the hearts and hands of the nation to support it, as being most just, and in all respects most conducive to the happiness and prosperity thereof." To this view Ludlow remained constant through every vicissitude of fortune. Accepting Parliamentary supremacy as his standpoint, he defied with equal resolution the Monarchy and the Protectorate. No considerations of expediency, of the prevailing temper of the nation, or of the danger of the supremacy of a single house would he take account of. Cromwell was, in his eyes, an ambitious intriguer, because he perceived that Parliamentary supremacy had its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Yet, persistent as Ludlow was, there was a wide distinction between his constitutional theories and those of Lilburne. Lilburne insisted not on Parliamentary supremacy, but on annual Parliaments, manhood suffrage, and a written Constitution, which should ensure the predominance of the people over its representatives. Ludlow vexed his soul about none of these things. The relation of Parliament to the executive was, in his eyes, all-important. The relation of Parliament to the constituencies might be left to take care of itself.

When Cromwell induced Ludlow to accept a command in Ireland, he showed that knowledge of men which seldom failed him. On English soil the two men could never agree. On Irish soil they could hardly differ. Nothing has borne harder upon Cromwell's reputation than the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford. These evil deeds have been reckoned against him as if his mode of handling the Irish problem had been peculiar to himself. Those who are inclined to blame Cromwell overmuch will do well to read and re-read these pages of Ludlow. They will find there, as in Cromwell's pronouncements, the same contempt for Irishmen, the same misinterpretation of Irish history, the same placid belief that the English interest in Ireland is the one thing necessary to be taken into account. They will learn, in short, that Cromwell's Irish policy was not personal to himself but was the natural outcome of the ignorance and self-sufficiency of his countrymen.

Whatever may have been Ludlow's faults, he redeemed them all by the distresses of his long exile. The last scene in which he figured before the world was one to remind us how great a part sentiment and prejudice play in human judgments. If logic were all-sufficing, Ludlow was right in thinking that he ought to have been welcomed by his countrymen in 1689. The Revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne realised the very things for the sake of which Ludlow had striven and suffered. Lilburne,

indeed, if he had lived to witness that day, would have been as far from his ideal as he had been in 1649. There was no democratic Constitution, no taking of the helm by the masses. What Ludlow had demanded—the supremacy of the representative House—was either openly or virtually gained; yet Ludlow had scarcely set foot in England when he was driven back into exile. The one thing that neither Whig nor Tory would endure was the taint of regicide, and Ludlow had sat on that grim tribunal which sentenced Charles I. to the block. Men who had rebelled against one king felt themselves loyally respectable if they closed the door of hope to the men who had put to death another. Ludlow, therefore, had to return for the few remaining years of his life to that house at Vevay the portal of which bore the noble motto—

Omne solum forti patria, quia patris.

"THE GREEN CARNATION."

The Green Carnation. Pioneer Series. (Heinemann).—Whatever ridicule may do, it certainly does not kill. Else, had the loving hands of disciples long since laid Mr. Oscar Wilde in his sepulchre. Do you remember the Aristotelian theory that comedy, by making us laugh, purges our natures of any excess of ribaldry? It has often seemed to me that satire—comedy directed against someone or thing—so far from leaving us in contempt of its object, rids us in some degree of any ill-will we may have felt for it. And Mr. Wilde, had he not always been received with titters, would perhaps not have been tolerated here, but have had to fly the country, like Byron and many another who has been ecstatic in life and thought.

Flamboyant Oscar! It is how many years since "Putience" was produced? yet our Aristophanuncles are still pegging away at him. And with reason. In his life he has been so prodigal of pose and foible, in literature master of so many modes, that you may always make fresh fun of him. He is as glib as Proteus. So the writer of this new book, "The Green Carnation," shows him to us in phases untouched. Du Maurier saw only a languid poet with an unwholesome contempt for everything but blue china; Gilbert saw a poser in knee-breeches; Brookfield a fat man with a taste for dyed flowers and epigramme. But in "The Green Carnation" something more than the surface of him is impinged, and we are shown a little of his soul. The portrait drawn of him is certainly offensive, or, rather, it is personal to a degree. No pains have been spared to make it complete. Mr. Wilde's walk and Mr. Wilde's smile, his hair and his brother and his intellectual poses are all described with delightful humour and fidelity. But, moreover—"a glorious moreover"—the soul of Mr. Wilde seems really to live in the person of Esmé Amaranth. There comes before us, at the writer's bidding, a man of genius, who lacks the formal capacity for production, whose mind has become a garden of rank and tropical luxuriance. Most of the ideas, that come from him in profusion, are unconsciously twisted and highly coloured; others he colours and twists in fastidious hatred of what were common. Eccentric for his own pleasure, not for the public, he yet is pleased when the public gapes. He is a "man of high ideals," who is cynically swift to set foot in smart houses and to bavar, in restaurants, a Pagan worshipper of Christ, a Tory-Anarchist. The humour that his Irish birth has given him, the wit he perfected in Paris and the learning he got at Oxford, his truly Athenian spirit and slight savour of New York, all are suggested. In fact, the caricature is capital, it is intimate, it has been done by a man who is thoroughly well in sympathy with his subject. And surely the highest kind of satire is that which is done by a loving hand. You cannot betray but with a kiss.

I could wish that the writer had confined himself to laughing at Mr. Wilde only. Where he seeks to satirise those rather pathetic youths who from time to time have aped Mr. Wilde, he seems to me less successful. Really they are not worthy of satire. The disciple introduced by the writer is endowed with a talent for epigramme fully as brilliant as his master's. His introduction depends on the idea that Mr. Wilde has succeeded in founding a school, and in doing this Mr. Wilde has not succeeded. He is a Gamaliel at whose feet many have sat without learning anything but the taste of boot-polish. He is quite unique. However, there is no other very notable blemish in the book. The rest of the characters, including the delicious Madame Valsesi, are well schemed to accentuate Esmé Amaranth's brilliant folly. The general public will like "The Green Carnation," not merely because it is offensive, but because it is full of fun and humour, and has no page whereat you may not laugh loudly. The student of literature will be interested in it because it marks a further development in the form of satire invented by Peacock in "Crotchet Castle" and adopted by Mr. Mallock in the "New Republic." As in those two works, certain strongly accentuated persons are transferred from their urban *milieu* to a country house, where, their bodies being, so to say, insulated, they can but indulge in intellectual conversation. The writer of "The Green Carnation" is to my mind quite as witty as either of his two models, and has all Peacock's talent for the buffon description of incident and Mr. Mallock's pretty power of giving you a whole man or woman in a little flash of words. His style has grace. He is a nicely equipped satirist. I hope to heaven he will be warned by the terrible example of Mr. Mallock, and spend his future betterwisdom than in wrangling about political economy with a musical critic.

MAX BEERBOHM.

DIVERSIONS OF A FLIRT.

The Dolly Dialogues. By Anthony Hope. Reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette*.—The French novelist who has lately deplored the demoralising influence of "le flirt" in Paris, and denounced it as a mischievous importation from England, ought to correct that error by reading Mr. Hope. There can be no question about the character of the lady who figures most conspicuously in this little volume. Miss Dolly Foster, afterwards Lady Mickleham, is a born flirt; she is also, if I mistake not, a jilt. She

toyed with the affections of Mr. Samuel Carter at Monte Carlo. They spent a week or more in that dangerous atmosphere in such confidential relations that Mr. Carter's admiration of her dimples was open and unabashed. Then an ugly young man in a preposterous tweed suit came along; he proved to be Lord Mickleham, and Mr. Carter was promptly thrown over. Not that Dolly had done with him. After her marriage she continued the habit of exhibiting her dimples to his admiring inspection. Most of these dialogues illustrate the subtlety with which Mr. Carter lost no opportunity of intimating that he was still her faithful slave. Sometimes his devices are so ingenious that she does not quite grasp them, but she is thoroughly alive to the fact that the exercises of Mr. Carter's wit and fancy are just so many expressions of his unstinted adoration. Yet, as the French novelist will remark with surprise, there is nothing equivocal in the situation; the husband, who is far from being an intelligent person, is not hoodwinked; the proprieties are not violated, either in letter or in spirit. Everybody, that is to say, every man of her acquaintance, is more or less in love with Dolly Mickleham. Even Mr. Carter's cousin, a youth still at Oxford, begs her to write to him. She drives with Mr. Carter in the Park, and orders him to escort her to parties, and the only useful purpose served by Archibald, Lord Mickleham, is that of dropping into the conversation at inopportune moments. Now, if that French writer who, I believe, is at this moment in England, studying our astonishing manners and customs, should light upon Mr. Carter's romance, he may get another view of "le flirt" as it is practised in this irreproachable island. Except for his wit, which is uncommon in London society, Mr. Carter is a typical Englishman in whom, as Lady Mickleham says, "there is no harm." He is even qualified at the end to enter the Elysian Fields with Dolly, and sacrifice to decorum at once by helping her to find her husband, who, of course, is there too. It is a blissful reunion in another state, in spite of certain trifling difficulties with Rhadamanthus at the door. When he has pondered all this, M. Marcel Prévost may see fit to retract his indictment of our blameless freedom in social relations. Dolly is quite impeccable; so is Mr. Carter; and the whole atmosphere of their flirting belongs to the temperate zone. More than that, Mr. Carter shows that it is quite possible to be extremely entertaining while dangling irreproachably in a lady's train. It is easy to make epigrams without being bold and bad. And if anybody is tempted to think that the platonic affair between Mr. Carter and Lady Mickleham must be rather *bourgeois*, he may be edified to learn that, as Mr. Carter neatly puts it, this is "an epithet which the riff-raff apply to what is respectable, and the aristocracy to what is decent."

L. F. AUSTIN.

A GREAT WOMAN-SAINT.

Santa Teresa: Her Life and Times. By Gabriela Cunningham-Graham. (London: A. and C. Black).—The personality of St. Teresa appeals to diverse minds. A great woman, a great nun, a great administrator, a great saint and mystic. Her "drynesses" and her "delights"—all the varying moods of the mystical thermometer—never seem to have interfered with her most attractive human personality. Her communion for twenty years of her life face to face with Christ did not affect her entire fitness for human purposes. She was ever a woman of wit, of gaiety and charm, and a prepossessing personality which never lost its effect on those who came in contact with her. When she was taken with her last illness on her road to perform a kindly human office—i.e., to be with and to comfort the Duchess of Alba's daughter in her confinement—and died at the Convent of Alba, she kept her old charm, her beauty of face and vivacity of tongue, her old affectionate kindness of heart. The news of the young Duchess's safe delivery gave her ease in the restfulness of dying. "Thank God," she said laughing, "that this old saint will no longer be needed." Ribera, the Jesuit, has left us an inimitable description of her, from which and from the portrait of Fray Juan de la Miseria, a Spanish sculptor has made a statue which one feels sure must be like the saint in life. There are the noble stature, the black eyes heavy-lidded, the brow, broad, even and beautiful, the eloquent and generous mouth, the attitude of grace, of Ribera. There is also a look of vitality about the statue, a spring, as though the woman scarcely touched earth in her walking. Among the minds Teresa has led captive, none could be more unexpected than her present biographer's. Mrs. Graham seems to have been animated for her task by an admirable enthusiasm. She has followed the footsteps of Santa Teresa up and down Spain in the true pilgrim spirit; she has saturated her mind with the very air of the scenes where the saint worked and wrote. Her devotion to her great subject is touching, yet withal she has not known how to efface herself. Those brilliant word-pictures which follow each other so rapidly through the two big volumes conceal the figure of the saint in a way her biographer can scarcely have realised. One is uncertain how much of it is truth, how much romancing. Would that Mrs. Graham had had a little austerity of the pen! She has written the saint's life from the standpoint of an agnostic. One can conceive that Santa Teresa's life, written by one utterly out of sympathy with her religion, might yet be the desirable life of her, the woman being so great and simple. But Mrs. Graham is not one to let be the religion of another, even if that other be one she profoundly reverences. Her incessant explaining away and apologies for the mystical side of Santa Teresa are in the worst possible taste, both literary and otherwise. Her own ideas are for ever in the way, so that one cries to her with the most painful impatience, "Stand out of the light and let us see the saint!" This unfortunate inability to sacrifice herself and her own ideas spoils an otherwise admirable book. Mrs. Graham had nearly all the requisites for her task—alas! that that little pinch of stupidity should have spoiled all the rest. The book will, I fear, offend both classes whom it ought to please—the Catholics and the High Church Anglicans. One regrets deeply that, after all her pains, Mrs. Cunningham-Graham has yet left the *Life of Santa Teresa* unwritten.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

M. ZOLA ON LOURDES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

M. Zola's treatise on Lourdes is very interesting, and would have been infinitely more valuable if he had not pretended to be writing a novel. Thanks to the diffusion of knowledge and the march of education, the general public has become incapable of reading anything but novels. If Hume were living now, he would put his celebrated and marvellously illogical argument against Miracles in the mouths of two young lovers; and Butler would present his "Analogy" in the framework of a romance. Even Mr. Darwin, renouncing the severities of science, would state his doctrines in the shape of a tale of passion, and thus these great writers would endeavour to reach the world at large. M. Renan himself preferred the form of dramas and dialogues, and we may soon see romances of Bimetalism. But the survivors of an earlier generation regret that M. Zola, after "getting up" the history of Lourdes, has been obliged to state his results in a novel. He might, at least, have given his references and authorities in notes, as is done in the Waverley Novels. Where I write, in Kintail, there is no choice of books, and I am unable to trace M. Zola's facts to their sources. None the less, his Bernadette, the founder of Lourdes, is an historical character. Born, it seems, in 1844, she was a quiet, dreamy, pious, and ignorant rural child in 1858, when her visions began. The analogy between Bernadette Soubirous and the Maiden deliverer of Franco (as stated by M. Zola) is most curious and instructive. Neither child could read or write. Each at the age of thirteen or fourteen had visions of historical importance. In each case the experiences began with a vivid effect of light, *claritas*. In the affair of Bernadette the light gradually took the form of the Madonna, with roses of gold on her feet. The vision appeared eighteen times, confessed itself to be the Immaculate Conception, requested that a chapel might be erected on the scene, caused a fountain to spring from the spot, and thereafter ceased to appear. From this tale has arisen a new town of Lourdes, a branch railway to Lourdes, new churches, rows of little shops of sacred *bric-à-brac*, pilgrimages, miracles of healing; and the affair has been "exploited" (says M. Zola) by priests and by the brother of Bernadette, who keeps one of the shops. Bernadette herself entered a sisterhood, and died years ago. Both girls were honest and convinced. But Bernadette was nervous, asthmatic, an invalid, her visions were limited to the eighteen apparitions at the Grotto. Jeanne, on the other hand, was robust, vigorous, a soldier, a general, and her visions never ceased till the day of her death. Little sacred pictures of her, too, even in her own day were articles of commerce—one or two survive. Her brothers, also, made the best market they could of her celebrity, though one of them had courage enough to stand by her in her latest fight to the last. Human selfishness and cupidity squeezed what profit they might out of the virgin warrior, as out of the blameless shepherd-girl, Bernadette.

But our century is unmatched in its power of vulgarising everything, and M. Zola has all Thackeray's power of detecting a snob. The clergy of the Grotto of Lourdes, it seems, are snobs. They have suppressed Bernadette as much as possible. Her grave is not at Lourdes; if it were, miracles might be wrought there, and the competition would be bad for the Grotto. "Remember the Grotto!" is the maxim of the worthy Fathers. The church begun by Bernadette's first clerical friend is mouldering unfinished and unroofed. The rain drips on his grave: somebody saw his ghost there, and if pilgrimages were permitted, competitive miracles might occur. Bernadette's own room, in a slum, is a lumber-room; if flowers and candles were admitted, there might be miracles, and the Grotto might suffer.

Is all this true, and is M. Zola's explanation the correct explanation? The difficulty seems to be that of preventing too embarrassing a wealth of miracles. They may easily become too common and cheap. Miracles, as we know, were worked at the grave of poor, dull, sinful James II. There really should be an economy in miracles. Bernadette is not canonised yet, still less is her curé: if both, from the grave, cured diseases, the thing would begin to take an aspect which neither of these pious souls would have desired. The difficulty of the Church (without irony) is to restrict the miraculous. Perhaps considerations like these—not the mere commercial distaste for free trade—may animate the clergy connected with the Grotto of Lourdes. It may be conceded that the Madonna should work cures, but if Bernadette and the curé do so also, the sceptic will have

an opening. He will explain all by "the suggestivity of suggestion," in a manner which would have awakened the gaiety of Molière. People expect to be healed, and they are healed.

As far as M. Zola has a philosophy of Lourdes, this appears to be his philosophy. If miracles occur (and a percentage does occur), they are due to moral and psychological causes, to excitement and enthusiasm. His heroine, his puppet (for there is no interest of character in his tale) is cured; but he carefully hedged by making a doctor prophesy that she might be cured in this manner. However, perhaps no medical man could have foreseen the sudden healing of a purulent scar by the water of the Grotto. If that did happen, what follows? Merely that our knowledge of the power of "mind" over "matter" is enlarged. We do not know what we mean by "mind," nor what we mean when we say "matter." But if this and a hundred other tales are correctly reported, psychology must advance a step in the direction of the eternally receding frontier of the unknown. M. Zola shows very well the impossibility of producing evidence which will overcome scientific prejudice. "Though one rose from the dead they will not believe." They will deny that he rose, and then will deny that he was dead. Others will believe (on no sufficient evidence) others will start little shops of ecclesiastical *bric-à-brac* on the strength of the advertise-

THE PREACHING CROSS, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

In the High Street of Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, within forty miles north-west of London, has stood, from the reign of Edward III., a handsome Gothic monument of stone, on pillared arches which seem to have been rebuilt in a later style, and with sculptured figures in the niches. It is said to have been used as a pulpit by the preaching friars. It was probably erected at the cost of the monastery at Leighton Buzzard, whose property was transferred by Henry VIII. to the Dean and Canons of Windsor, forming part of the "Prebend's Fee." The lord of the manor of Stockgrove has regarded the "Cross" as belonging to his estate, but the townsfolk claim it as public property, the local records showing that 270 years ago there was a fourpenny poll-tax levied for its restoration, and that some repairs were effected, forty years ago, by public subscription. The keys to the railed enclosure are kept by the Public Lands Trustees. The manor has been put up for sale by auction in London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Dublin has gone to the Continent to consecrate Señor Cabrera as Bishop of the Reformed Church of Spain and Portugal. This action has been strongly condemned by the High Church party, but it is approved of by all the Irish bishops with the exception of the Bishop of Derry. Señor Cabrera has been bishop-elect for several years, and has now a considerable body of adherents; but until now he has been unable to obtain consecration. Lord Plunket has been the foremost champion of the Spanish reformers in England.

Canon Fremantle has been speaking at Toynbee Hall on Disestablishment. He does not think that disestablishment or disendowment is the proper remedy for the present condition of things. His policy is to reform the Church. The beneficed clergy were often much too autocratic. They should be controlled by Parochial (not Parish) Councils. They should be more responsive to the popular desire, which would not often be unwise and inexpedient. The Act of Uniformity should be repealed and the present subscription to the Articles done away with. Freedom of services should be allowed, a better system of patronage established, and more equalisation of clerical incomes brought about. Disestablishment he opposed because it would create a clericalist sect with all the prestige of the present system, and would stem the present tendency of sects to disappear.

The Bishop of Manchester, in an address at Lancaster, maintained that voluntary schools were a permanent part of educational machinery. Churchmen, therefore, demanded a right that a portion of the rates, more than half of which they actually paid, should be given, if needed, in aid of their schools. He was willing the School Board should have the right of saying that the money given to voluntary schools was properly spent.

Mr. Elliot Stock is to publish a facsimile of what is popularly called "Cromwell's Pocket Bible." It was first published by authority in 1643, and the only copy known in this country is in the British Museum. Lord Wolseley contributes a brief introduction to the facsimile.

The Bishop of Chichester, who is in his ninety-second year, is taking his annual holiday in North Italy.

Lord Houghton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Alsager last week, and suggested in a speech that the main dependence of the Church of England must now be on the liberality of the laity.

Mr. Malcolm Moffatt, grandson of the great African missionary, has given up a lucrative colonial appointment to take part in mission work on Lake Nyassa. He has been selected as agriculturist for the new institution which the Livingstonian Mission Committee are establishing on the north-west of the lake. Lord Overtoun has presented a case of valuable meteorological instruments, and a collection of plants to be acclimatised has been given by the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.

John Jacob Astor, of New York, is erecting a church in that city as a memorial to his father.

Complaints are being made that the Church Congress authorities have arranged no special terms with the railway companies for the conveyance of visitors to Exeter.

The Hon. P. Carteret Hill, formerly a Government official in Canada and Nova Scotia, has died at the age of seventy. He was a fervent Evangelical, and of recent years resided at Tunbridge Wells. He published some very orthodox pamphlets.

Dr. Greenhill, the oldest resident physician in Hastings, has died at the age of eighty-one. He was churchwarden at St. Mary's, Oxford, when Dr. Newman was Vicar; and was intimately acquainted with J. B. Mozley and many other leading Anglicans. To the *Academy* and the "Dictionary of National Biography" he contributed notices of some of his friends, but these were somewhat poor and colourless.



THE ANCIENT PREACHING CROSS AT LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

ment. The matter will be "exploited," vulgarised, forgotten. This is M. Zola's philosophy—sufficiently pessimistic. On the other side, may we not urge that, even among the cupidities and superstitions of Lourdes, one or two steps are being made towards the unknown? Faith, even as a grain of mustard-seed, proves its power: misunderstood, trafficked in, reduced to its very lowest power, it is still Faith, and still potent. Still it is in some degree master of things and of fate; is uncomprehended and unexplained, and keeps the key of the creed of the future. And M. Zola will moralise on "the eternal illusion," and practically illustrate the illusion that novels are the best vehicle for philosophy; and the public, itself illuded, will encourage him in this remarkable hallucination. "Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue."

ANOTHER WOMAN'S EYES.

Beautiful eyes, indeed, beautiful eyes!

(He must be growing blind to think them fine!)

If on your wedding-day you had been wise,

They might have shed the tears you've wrung from mine.

I only wish they had. (But no, no, no;

I'd rather weep whole seas of bitterest brine

Than let those beautiful eyes—he calls them so—

Have one sweet tear that he has wrung from mine!)

SARAH PLATT.



VIEW OF CHEMULPO, THE PRINCIPAL PORT OF COREA ON THE YELLOW SEA.

See Next Page.

ART NOTES.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition, especially for the off season, will be on view for a short time at the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Taken as a whole, it illustrates pretty fairly the demands which book-collectors now make upon publishers—the latter having to provide type, illustrations, and bindings to suit



A BOOK ILLUSTRATION.—BY NELLY ERICHSEN.

From Messrs. J. M. Dent's Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

the tastes of every connoisseur. The present exhibition, organised by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., is, however, especially interesting for giving prominence in a collected form to the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who, with all his peculiarities, stands in the front rank of imaginative workers in black and white. It is curious to see how Mr. Beardsley made his debut some two or three years ago. He was then influenced only by Botticelli and Burne-Jones, as is seen in "The Achieving of the Sang-Real" (412), a most admirably composed and delicately drawn group. The manner, however, did not last long, for in the strangely laboured study of "King Arthur and the Questing Beast" (405), we can trace distinct change of influence. Later on Mr. Beardsley seems to have given

sympathy with nature. Mr. Herbert Railton's delicate illustrations of Goldsmith's and Maria Edgeworth's works are to be seen to fresh advantage in their original form, and although it is impossible to deny Mr. Walter Crane's talents as a decorator, we cannot think that he shows to an advantage as an illustrator of Shakspeare. Mr. Anning Bell as the illustrator of old fairy stories, and Mr. J. D. Batten of "The Arabian Nights," are often very happy in their interpretations and suggestions.

The book-bindings in the exhibition are not less deserving of notice than the drawings. Messrs. Dent have endeavoured, while leaving their workmen and designers full liberty, to follow the traditions of the school of Roger Payne. Much of the tooling seems to be directly taken from well-known productions by that master, but in many cases the modern workmen have interpreted modern taste by simplifying the often too elaborate arabesques with which Roger Payne decorated his morocco. The specimens of Swinburne's "Chastelard" in puce levant (503), Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" (515) in brown morocco, Austin Dobson's Poems (524) in maroon levant, and Browning's Poems (542) in dark olive leather with a simple chrysanthemum design, are among the most attractive. One welcomes, too, the revival of the old-fashioned Cambridge calf binding, of which "The Vicar of Wakefield" (528) is an excellent, although somewhat costly specimen. For absolute finish and beauty, however, the first edition of Goldsmith's "Traveller" (513) is probably the gem of the collection.

Sir J. C. Robinson, who, before he became Keeper of her Majesty's Pictures, was connected with the South Kensington Museum, has been urging the claims of local museums upon the Science and Art Department. In many respects Sir J. C. Robinson's suggestions are practical and worthy of attention. If, as he roundly asserts, the Museum possesses treasures which it has not the means of displaying, there is a *prima facie* case for sending them to Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, or elsewhere. The only objection is that the South Kensington authorities do not, in the first place, admit the force of Sir J. C. Robinson's premiss; and secondly, they hope that it behoves the Treasury, or Office of Works, or whatever department is responsible, to provide them with more space to display their treasures at South Kensington, which should be regarded as the only depository for the best and most important works of art. In this view they are certainly supported by the example of foreign nations, for we have never heard that provincial museums laid claim to be "furnished," even temporarily, from the storehouses of the Louvre or Cluny, Berlin or Dresden. Moreover, the public will, we think, hardly support Sir J. C. Robinson in his suggestions unless he can bring forth far stronger arguments than he has yet given for the dispersal of our great national collections, of which the proper home is the capital of the kingdom.

Photography, the handmaiden of Art (although her services are not always acknowledged by her employers), leads the way in the autumn season. The Royal Society

CHEMULPO, AND OTHER PORTS OF COREA.

Chemulpo is the key of the position in Corea, being the point near the capital at which Japan has been landing her troops within the last few weeks to the number, at the lowest computation, of eighty-five thousand.

By taking possession of Chemulpo and the approaches by land and water to the capital, together with practically that half of Corea which lies to the southward of these points, the Japanese have compelled China to give them battle, on Sept. 15, on the historic ground of Ping-Yang, one hundred and sixty miles north of the capital, to which Japan can send vessels of light draught up the fine river Tai-tong-Kang, the Rubicon of Korean history.

The direct route from Chemulpo to Seoul leads across a pass 300 ft. high, twenty miles as the crow flies, or twenty-seven by road. By the river Han-Kang's tortuous and narrow channel, available for boats, it is over seventy miles.

Mount Courcel (1275 ft.) and Mount Leon (985 ft.) form the horns of a crescent of hills three miles to the rear of the town. Facing it across the narrow channel which forms the anchorage are Yong Jong Island and the Marie Fortunate Archipelago, with Edmé Peak (815 ft.) a conspicuous object. Approaching from the Yellow Sea by way of Keun-pai-oul, forty miles distant, and passing Marolles and Richy Islands, both lofty peaks, the navigable channel is studded with picturesque islets till the vessel drops anchor in six fathoms off the town of Chemulpo. Close by is Inchun—known to the Japanese as Jin-sen and to the Chinese as Ni-shen—which is the port in Imperatrice Gulf opened to trade some ten years ago.

The large island of Kang-hoa, to the north-west of Chemulpo, contains one of the four so-called fortresses guarding Seoul, and it is possible we may hear of these again. It was to Kang-hoa that the royal family were accustomed to retreat in time of peril, but the Japanese placed his Majesty under strict surveillance in their own camp. Seoul's guardian fortresses have borne the Chinese and Japanese flags in turn with their own at various periods in Korean history, the banner of the Ming dynasty having floated there alternately with that of Taiko, the renowned Japanese warrior, in the sixteenth century.

If a vessel were steered due eastward instead of north-west on passing Keun-pai-oul, it would, in a couple of hours, run into the Prince Jerome Gulf, having an excellent anchorage off A-san (otherwise Yashan), which is also shown on some maps as Nam-Yang. This was the scene of the opening combat in the present war, upon which occasion the Japanese drove the Chinese troops northward, towards Ping-Yang.

There is plenty of water all the way to A-san, which is not a characteristic feature of the inlets and straits of this region in general, and the Japanese are wise to retain possession of so desirable a port. From it there is a fair road, via Shu-wön-pu, to the gates of Seoul, leading at first between hills, and then over an undulating plain bordering the Imperatrice Gulf, which plain the Japanese now hold. There used to be a Chinese camp on the promontory of Sun-gam-do jutting out into the gulf, whence a road likewise led to the capital via Nam-Yang.

Japan holds all the principal ports as the bases of her operations; and she was well prepared to meet China from the outset. Gen-san is the Japanese title of the port in Broughton Bay, on the north-east coast of Corea, in lat. 39° 8' N., close to port Lazareff (Won-San), on which the Russians are supposed to have set their affections. The high road from this point to Seoul, about 150 miles distant, leads over a mountain pass 3000 ft. above sea-level, and through the rich region of Koun-Song, from which large quantities of gold-dust and copper are annually exported to the Japanese Mint at Osaka, to be minted for King Li-hi.

Fusan, on the south-east coast of Corea, facing the twin islands of Tsu-Shima, is celebrated as the point at which Hideyoshi in 1592 landed his army and marched upon Seoul, 170 miles overland. The Korean telegraphs, of which the Japanese have now acquired the control, terminate at Fusan. There is a Japanese Consulate and settlement, whence there is a submarine cable to Tsu-Shima, forty miles, and onward fifty-seven miles farther to Iki-Shima and the Japanese mainland.

The Russians made a bold bid for Tsu-Shima in 1859, building barracks and planting seeds on the islands, but the appearance of Admiral Hope's fleet put a stop to Muscovite colonisation for the time, and since that date Japan has been well on the alert to maintain her outpost intact.

In the course of their operations in the present war, the Chinese have advanced across that once "neutral zone" which separated China and Corea, of the benefit of which the Koreans were deprived in 1875, the astute Li Hung Chang having incorporated its 1800 square miles into the Celestial Empire.

The town of Ping-Yang, where the Chinese army was destroyed on Sept. 15 and 16, has a large population, and is situated on the great highway from Seoul to Peking by which Korean monarchs have from time immemorial dispatched their embassies bearing tribute to the Chinese Emperor. The surrounding scenery is strikingly beautiful, and Ping-Yang was the seat of royalty until the tenth century. Views of this locality appeared in a recent issue of this Journal. It has figured prominently in every past war, and so it has again in this, because it is here that the Chinese forces, marching from Manchuria by the northern mountain passes, were met by the Japanese troops, which had been landed at Chemulpo, and were encamped around Seoul.

Three centuries ago, from 1592 to 1598, Corea was during six years the prey of a Japanese invasion, under the warlike Mikado named Hideyoshi. His animosity towards the Koreans ceased only with his death, and he interred in a favourite temple garden at his own capital a choice and perfectly unique collection of the spoils of war in the shape of 10,000 Korean ears clipped from the heads of his enemies. Peace seems to have reigned until 1882, when the Japanese ambassador to Corea was ill-treated, and seven of his people killed. This piece of barbarism was resented by Japan sending ships of war and troops. Then, as now, the Japanese *Samurai* volunteered for the war in large numbers, 20,000 men and a quarter of a million in money being offered to the Government immediately; and but for the fact that Corea submitted and paid a fine of half-a-million dollars, the Mikado would have been as much in possession in August 1882 of the Hermit Kingdom as at this moment.—J. M.



A BOOK ILLUSTRATION.—BY W. HYDE.

From Messrs. J. M. Dent's Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

himself up wholly to the leading of the French masters of the grotesque, of whom M. Boutet de Monvel is the leader. In this special domain, however, Mr. Beardsley reveals his originality, as the numerous specimens of his art here testify. Mr. William Hyde is another young artist in black and white who is making a reputation in a very different line. Such works as "Roaring London" (265), the Illustrations to Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro," display more than ordinary feeling and

of Photography, now at its thirty-ninth annual exhibition, at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, shows what has been achieved in the art it represents within the past year, and the general high level which it has now attained suggests that the time has come when an exhibition of the various stages through which the art has passed since the formation of the society might not be out of place. To this interesting exhibition we shall make more specific reference in our next issue.



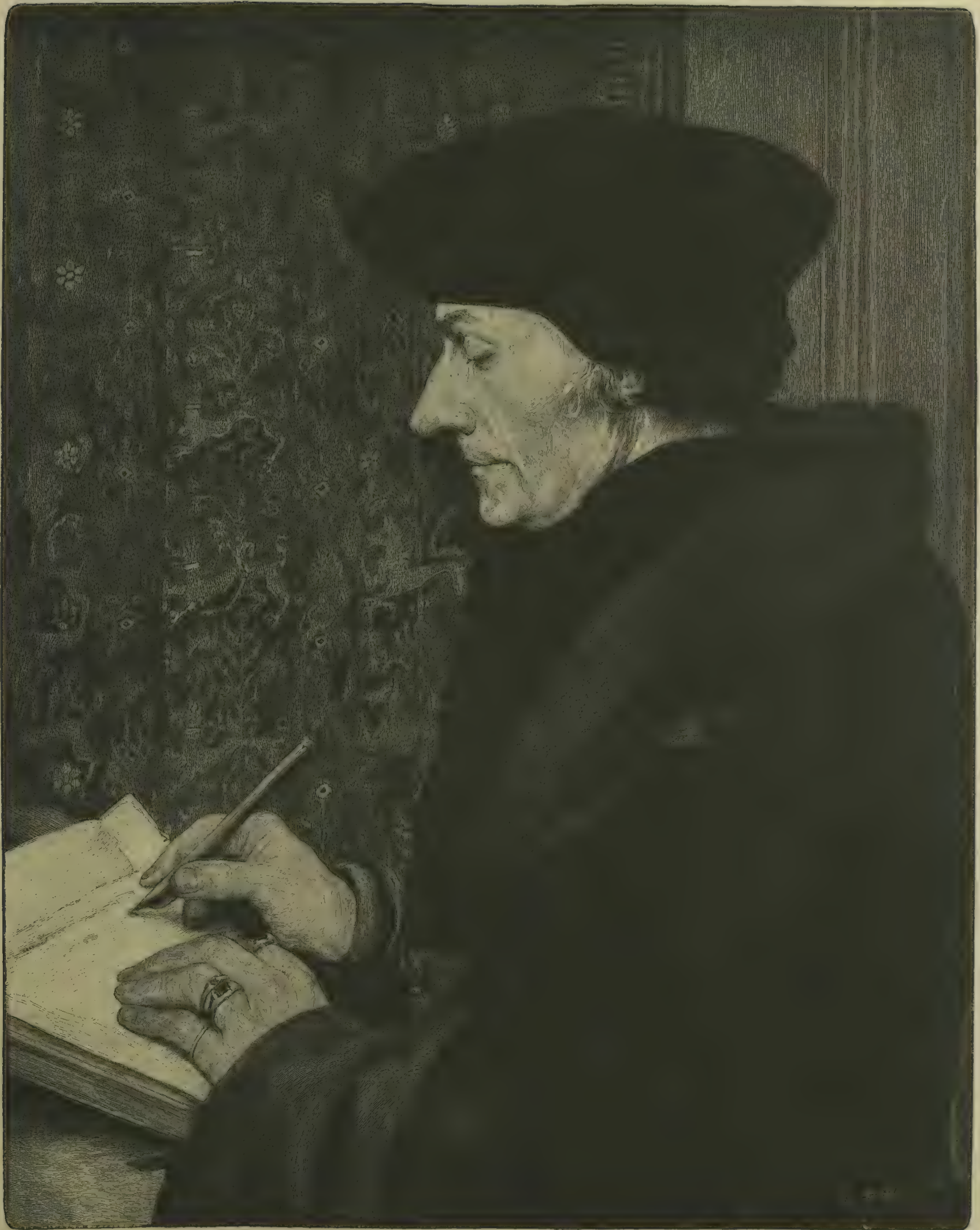
THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE: ANGLE DECORATIVE SCULPTURE—"THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON."

DRAWN BY J. FULLEYLOVE, R.I.



1. Tucking Wapiti heads back to camp. 2. A hungry man cooking. 3. An easy stalk rewarded by a good head.

SPORT IN THE ROCKIES.



ERASMUS.

After the Picture by Holbein.

GERARD PRAET (CALLED DESIDERIUS ERASMUS), SCHOLAR AND THEOLOGIAN; BORN AT ROTTERDAM, 1467; VISITED ENGLAND IN 1497, STUDYING AT OXFORD, AND AGAIN IN 1510, TEACHING AT CAMBRIDGE; DIED AT BASLE, 1536.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The newspapers have been full of graphic and interesting word pictures of autumn manoeuvres not only in England but also on the Continent of Europe. At the same time we are told, *ad nauseam*, in those same newspapers that at no period during the last quarter of a century was peace so thoroughly assured as it is at present. Whenever and wherever I read such statements side by side, I am reminded of Don Juan's love-song with the strident, staccato chords of the guitar as an accompaniment, or of Mephistopheles' "warbling" punctuated in a like manner.

Meanwhile, every now and then a man or a woman—as was the case at Metz lately—is caught who had been dispatched by those peace-professing sovereigns or governments to get a glimpse of the *mise en scène* which, it is supposed, is being prepared for the next act by their neighbours. As a matter of course, the peace-professing sovereigns or governments do not like those attempts at prying and spying into their future arrangements, and when the spy is laid by the heels, he or she has to pay the penalty, as Madame Ismerh, lately of Novcant, will find to her cost; for few commanders care to imitate the conduct of Bourbaki, when called upon to deal with such a spy during the Austro-French War of '59. "You are a spy!" said the General when the fellow was brought before him. "Si, Signor," was the answer. "And you are sent by the Austrians?" "Si, Signor." "Very well," was the remark. Then turning to an aide-de-camp, "Take him round our positions, and show him everything, and"—this to the spy—"when you think you have seen all you want to see, go back to those who have sent you, and tell them with my compliments that I am waiting for them."

General Count von Haeseler, "our dear Graf Haeseler," as Emperor William calls him, who is commanding at Metz, is not quite so amiable as that. To speak by the card, he is not amiable at all; and the fact of the latest-caught spy being a woman will not avail her much; on the contrary, her sex is likely to be considered an aggravation of her offence, for the "dear Graf" is an absolute misogynist. Not the cleverest novelist could evolve from his inner consciousness so complete a picture of the irreconcilable woman-hater as presented in the flesh by the commander of the sixteenth German army corps, to whom rumour points as the inevitable successor to Moltke in the event of another war between France and Germany. And when I say, "in the flesh," I must not be taken literally, for Moltke, spare and thin as he was, had the reputation of being a Daniel Lambert by the side of Haeseler, who though even taller than he, weighs at least a stone less than the great strategist in his best days.

"I want nothing of women," Haeseler is reported to have said on one of those rare occasions when he speaks; "I want nothing of women; I do not want their affection, I do not want them to sew or mend for me, I do not want them to cook for me." He might have added, "Least of all to cook for me," for he is even more frugal than he is cantankerous, and that is not saying little. His staple food consists of salted cod, smoked beef, sauerkraut, and equally homely fare, and he eats even most sparingly of these. His official dinners are a standing joke among the officers of the garrison, and the *chefs* at the "Officers' Casino" at Metz are never so busy as on the nights when Haeseler "entertains."

His apparent independence of nourishment is only equalled by his independence of sleep; he seems the living illustration of the French proverb to the effect that "qui dort, dine," for at the imperial and other gala banquets, he manages to have forty winks while the others are comforting and lining the inner man. It is well known that nothing is more irksome to him than these functions. As for the "sweet ministration of woman" in the way of mending, patching, and darning, it is absolutely superfluous to a man who is commonly reported to have about a half-dozen shirts, an equal number of handkerchiefs, socks, &c., to his name, and of such cheap quality that it would cost more to repair than to renew them. Countess Waldersee, who is an American by birth, had to explain to him one day the functions of a "linen-maid." Haeseler had never heard of such a domestic.

His uniforms are on par with his linen, for it is an open secret that, whenever it is possible, he buys them second-hand. And on such rare occasions when he condescends to have brand-new clothes, the result is even more disastrous, from the point of fit, than in the other case: like Mr. Poland, Q.C., Haeseler insists upon being measured while in a sitting posture, and positively refuses to be worried with "trying on" and the rest. As a consequence, his regimentals fit him like a sentry-box—to use a locution popular with Tommy Atkins. "They cover him everywhere and touch him nowhere." I have said that Haeseler is a misogynist, and what is worse, as far as his officers are concerned, "a dog-in-the-manger misogynist." The lieutenant of the week may, if he choose, occupy a room in barracks during that time. Haeseler is fond of "surprises," and woe to the young lieutenants if their quarters should betray the visit of some charming companion, in the way of "lingering scent" or the soothing odour of "face-powder"!

This is the man against whom, in all probability, General Saussier will be pitted in the next struggle. The military governor of Paris weighs eighteen stone if he weighs an ounce, is exceedingly careful of his personal appearance, a witty and charming companion, and an excellent soldier to boot. "But what will be the use of it?" said a military attaché to me the other day, when I was enumerating all these qualities. "It will be the lean king against the fat, and—I suppose you know your Bible?"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BLACK KNIGHT (London, W.C.)—White cannot make the move mentioned, as the King must not move on any square commanded by an opposing piece, whether such piece is free to move or not.
J. E. GORE.—Thanks. The amended position shall be examined.
H. W. R. (Swindon).—Apply to British Chess Company, Stroud.
J. M. K. LUTON (Richmond).—We will examine the new version, and hope to find it correct.

A. HILL (Belfast).—Thanks for enclosures.
MRS. R. KELLY, ALPHA, W. RAILLUM, AND OTHERS.—Your appreciation of Miss Baird's problem is fully deserved, and will doubtless be gratifying to that young lady.

H. N. (Bournemouth).—In Problem No. 2630, White cannot continue 2. P to B 7th, on account of K to Q 3rd, and no mate follows. In No. 2632, 1. R anywhere on the second rank will not solve the problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2625 and 2626 received from D. A. Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2330 from Horváth Paula a Hlabány (Kolozsvár); of No. 2531 from Herbert W. Reynolds (Swindon); H. N. and A. Church; of No. 2632 from W. E. Thompson, J. Bailey (Newark), Frank Davies (Newcastle Emlyn), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Ubique, W. H. S. (Peterborough), and G. Douglas Angus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2633 received from Alpha, E. Louden, F. Fernando (Glasgow), H. S. Brandreth, Admiral Brandreth, Sorrento, G. Douglas Angus, Hereward, C. D. (Camberwell), J. I. I. (Frampton), H. B. Hurford, G. Joyce, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. P. Hind, Shadforth, A. Newman, T. Roberts, W. R. Railem, J. W. Scott (Newark), G. E. Perugini, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), F. Waller (Luton), W. Mackenzie, W. Wright, T. G. (Ware), J. A. B. Ubique, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. H. S. (Peterborough), Edward J. Shurpe, W. David (Cardiff), A. H. B. F. A. Carter (Maldon), Dawn, H. N. (Bournemouth), F. G. Boys, J. Dixon, R. Worters (Canterbury), R. H. Brooks, and J. Coud.

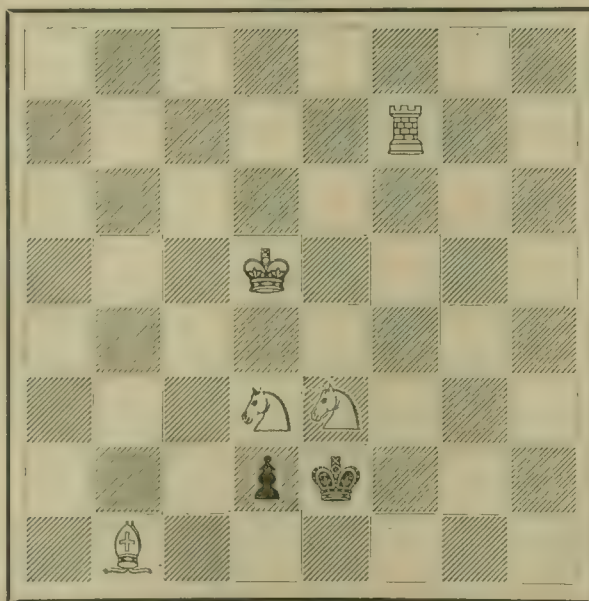
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2632.—By W. PERCY HIND.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 2nd Kt to K 2nd
2. B to Kt 4th Any move
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2635.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Leipzig Tournament between Messrs. TARRASCH and BLACKBURNE.

(Queen's Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Q 2nd, at once giving freedom to his Rooks, seems more to the purpose.	
2. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	17. B to Q 3rd	K to R sq
3. P takes P	P to K 3rd	18. K R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd
4. P to K 4th		19. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q sq
		20. Kt to K 2nd	Q to B sq
		21. B to K 4th	B to Q 4th
		22. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt
			B takes B, leaving White to take Kt if he likes, commends itself to our judgment.
		23. B takes Kt	B takes B
		24. R takes B	K R to K sq
		25. Q R to K sq	R takes R
		26. R takes R	Q to B 4th
		27. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 4th
		28. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K 2nd
		29. B to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd
		30. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
		31. R to R 4th	Q to B 5th
			White's rejoinder of Q to Kt 6th is so palpable and so powerful that it is strange the simple and natural reply of Q to B 2nd should have been overlooked.
		32. Q to Kt 6th	Kt to K 2nd
		33. R takes P (ch)	P takes R
		34. Q takes B P (ch)	K to Kt sq
		35. Q takes Kt	Q to B sq
		36. Kt to K 5th	Resigns.

Another game in the same tournament, between Messrs. SCHIFFERS and TARRASCH.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q to B 2nd	Castles (K R)
2. P takes P	Q takes P	16. P to Q R 4th	K R to K sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q takes P	17. Q R to K sq	P to Q 4th
4. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to Q Kt 3rd	P takes Q Kt P
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	19. P takes Kt P	Kt to B 3rd
		20. P takes P	B takes P
		21. Kt to K B 4th	Q R to Q sq
		22. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt
			The whole battle is fought hereabout. B takes B is also worth consideration.
		23. B to Q B 4th	B takes B
		24. P takes B	R to K 4th
		25. P to R 5th	P to Q Kt 4th
		26. P takes P en passant	Q takes P (ch)
		27. Q to K 3rd	Q takes Q Kt P
		28. B to Q R 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th
			This will bear looking at. The rest is obvious.
		29. R takes B P	K to R 2nd
		30. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
			White resigns.

Leicester has lately been looming large in public notice. There was a great strike, then an election, and now there is a water famine threatened. All the old framework-knitters in the town were entertained on Sept. 24 by the master of the company which concerns itself with this industry, and the Lord Mayor of London paid a State visit on the occasion, accompanied by the Sheriffs and all the panoply of his high office.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In this column I have frequently made allusion to current investigations on the action of sunshine on germ-life at large. The general trend of such investigations shows that light, and especially direct sunlight, is a great enemy to and destroyer of microbes. More recently, Mrs. Frankland has given a *résumé* of investigations into the action of the sun on the microbes contained in water. The researches in question are those of Professor Buchner. Presumably, the sunlight has a decided effect in that "self-purification" of river-waters which is known to occur during the flow of the waters, to a greater or less extent; so that the importance of Dr. Buchner's researches, in view of the problems of river-water and its microbes, becomes correspondingly increased. In one series of experiments made with boiled tap-water, to which certain well-known germs (including the typhoid bacillus) were added, the last-named microbe fell in ordinary diffuse daylight from 7400 per cubic centimetre to 5000 at the end of one day, while on the second day none were found at all. When direct sunlight was allowed to affect the water, the typhoid bacilli had completely disappeared in six hours. Moreover, one bacillus (*B. pyocyaneus*), which resisted a four-days exposure to ordinary daylight, vanished as did the typhoid germs under the direct rays of the sun.

To show that the decrease in microbe-life was not due to a want of food-material on which the germs might thrive, other experiments were made, and materials on which the bacilli could feed and grow and multiply were added to the water; so that under conditions both of darkness and light the food-question might be regarded as fully arranged for. In the dark, under these circumstances, the number of the microbes increased, but even under the condition of favourable feeding, three hours of sunshine were sufficient to destroy them. At what depth in water light ceases to exercise its germ-killing action is a point of practical importance. An ingenious method of experimentation resulted in the discovery that the effect of light as regards depth in its microbe-destroying power is very limited. Mrs. Frankland puts it that the antiseptic potency of the sun's rays ceases a long time before the light becomes affected by the depth of water it has to traverse. Hence, however powerful as an antiseptic direct light may be on shallow solutions, it is to be feared that in the purification of river-waters and lakes its effect is to be regarded as practically nil. River self-purification, which is no doubt itself a fact, must be due to other agencies—e.g., plant-life, the aëration of the water, &c.—than light. Some investigations on the relative number of microbes present in the night as compared with that found in river-water by day, showed an increase from one in the morning onwards to five o'clock; but admittedly these results demand confirmation. Temperature is a factor which, as Mrs. Frankland reminds us, has to be reckoned with in all experiments of this kind. She tells us that in 1886 the Thames water at Hampton contained twenty times as many germs in the winter as it did in the summer months. No doubt the more potent influence of the summer sun explains this difference in part, though, as already suggested, it may not be the only means whereby river-purification is favoured.

There has come to my hands—presented, in fact, to me by Mr. John Gamgee himself—a pamphlet entitled: "A Report on Mr. John Gamgee's Process for Saving Fuel and Condensing Water in Ice-making Machines and Low Temperature Motors," by Wilson Hartnell, M.I.C.E., of Leeds. A second report "On the Gamgee Cryomotois, or Low Temperature Motive-Power Engines," by John Handsley Dales, Assoc. M.I.C.E., Consulting Engineer, Leeds, was also handed to me along with the above-named pamphlet. A perusal of these reports seems to indicate that on the near horizon we may expect a great revolution in the production of power—that is if Mr. Gamgee's ideas, now practically demonstrated, are to be carried out in full, a result which I am assured is only matter of a little time. To put the matter popularly, in the words of Chief Engineer Isherwood, of the U.S. Navy: "The enormous importance of a motor capable of superseding the steam-engine and furnishing power without the combustion of coal [the italics are mine] can be estimated from the fact that it would produce an industrial, and consequently social and political, revolution equal to that which was effected by the introduction of the steam-engine. The whole of modern society is based on the steam-engine, which mainly has made the difference between the ancient and the present world, for our civilisation would be impossible without it. It is the inanimate slave which performs the labour of mankind, freeing them from the greater part of their drudgery, and giving them the time and means for culture."

Now, these are strong words, and they are, moreover, the words of a man who, in plain language, should know what he is talking about. What Mr. Gamgee has discovered is a principle—already made practical—whereby a condenser or evaporator could be produced, discharging its functions in the absence of cold water or any of the other cooling methods usually employed. In other words, he claims to have invented a motor which costs little or nothing for fuel, which could be used anywhere, which could be worked by pressures of ammonia or other gas generated at low temperatures (e.g., from the water of a river, or a mine, the air, the sun's heat, &c.) and which is automatic in its action. If these claims be substantiated, as, in fact, Mr. Gamgee's experiments appear to support them, then we may assume, in the words of Mr. Dales, that in respect of producing such a machine, "there is no more doubt or difficulty, mechanically, than is involved in the production of any other fluid pressure motive-power engine."

That which interests me personally, and which must, of course, interest everybody else, is the idea, growing into practical shape, that the days of the steam-engine may be doomed. This is a bold speculation, no doubt, but in the evolution of mechanical science, is it a startling notion after all? When Mr. Gamgee's invention has become a thing of common use there will be another revolution, as Chief Engineer Isherwood suggests. If it is only the question of our coal supply (and strikes) which is likely to be solved, Mr. Gamgee will be hailed as the Darwin of mechanical science.

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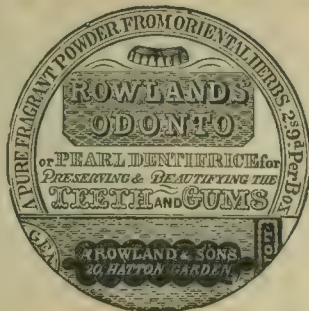
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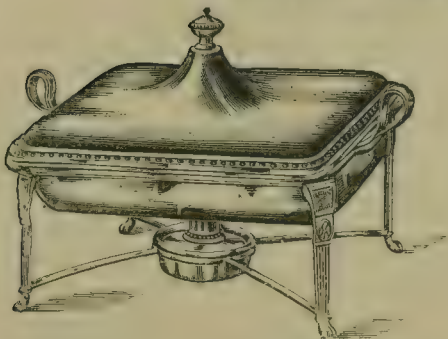
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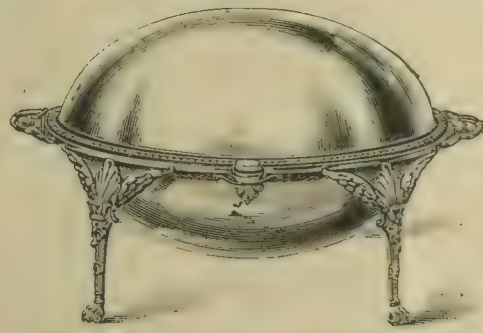
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1881) of Mr. William Henry Aders, of Summerlands, Whalley Range, Manchester, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 18 by Charles Hunter and Percy Henry Marriott, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £105,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, plate, furniture, pictures, books, articles of household use and ornament, horses and carriages to his wife; £2000 per annum to her for life or widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again, £500 per annum for life; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Hunter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares; and in default of children, one third, upon trust, for his brother Alfred, his wife, and children; one third, upon trust, for his sister Mary Laura Marriott, her husband and children; and one third to the children of his late sister, Sophia Elizabeth von Schmidt.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1892), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1893), of Mr. Charles Valentine Game, of Holland House, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 15 by Charles Game, the son, Robert Prowd Lambert, and James George White, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £76,000. The testator gives a picture by Charles Morris, £10,000, his freehold house, 14, Nicholas Lane, and his leasehold stable and premises, High Street, Sydenham, to his son Charles, and he states that he has long since given to him his businesses in Nicholas Lane and the Central Market, Smithfield; £10,000 and Oakfield Lodge, Sydenham, with the furniture and effects to his daughter Mrs. Sarah Rush; £10,000 each to his daughters Emily Game and Ann Game; the furniture and effects at his residence, Holland House, to his two last-named daughters; his leasehold premises, 147 and 149, Cannon Street, and 16 and 17, Nicholas Lane, after payment thereof of an annuity of £100 to his niece Mary Pottle, to his daughters Emily and Ann for their lives, and on the death of the survivor to the children of his son Charles; £1000 each to the children of his said son; £1000, upon trust, for the said Mary Pottle for life and then for the Butchers' Charitable Institution to found a fund to be named after him and to pay the income to two persons, being the widows or unmarried daughters of persons who have been subscribers to the said institution for at least five years. The residue of his property he gives to his said daughters Emily and Ann in equal shares.

The will (dated June 17, 1893) of Mr. Edward Dawson, late of Glyn Taff, Leigham Court Road, Streatham, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 15 by William Frederick Dawson, the son, and Charles Higgin Maxsted the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon various trusts, between his children.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1893) of Robert Nasmyth Irving, late of 20, Onslow Gardens, S.W., who died on March 8, was proved on Sept. 12 by Captain John Carter O'Neal and William Harness Simpson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The



THE AYR GOLD CUP.

The Western Race Meeting of Scotland took place at Ayr on Sept. 19 and the two following days. The Ayr Gold Cup was won by Mr. Percy's Mimram. This massive and beautiful cup, the materials of which are 400 ounces of the precious metal, was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, art silversmiths, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, City, and of 158, Oxford Street. The design is in the Italian style, further ornamented with the conventional emblems of Scotland, and with appropriate symbols of swiftness and victory.

testator gives all his household furniture, plate, glass, and consumable stores to Mrs. Mary Anna Barton, and the income for life arising from his freehold farms, Whitehill and Craiglie, Kirkeudbrightshire. On her death he devises the said farms to Commander Hastings Berkeley. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for Mrs. Mary Anna Barton for life, and then between the said Hastings Berkeley, Ernest Lennox Berkeley, and George Lennox Rawdon Earl Berkeley.

The will (dated April 10, 1889) of Miss Mary Ann Beck, of Netley Villa, 10, Fawcett Road, Poole Park, Fulham, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 15 by Philip Nash Herbert and Francis Day, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £250 each to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Governesses Benevolent Institution (Chislehurst), the Royal College for the Education of the Blind (Upper Norwood), the Home for Lost Dogs (Battersea), University College Hospital, the Home for Invalid Gentlewomen (Harley Street), and Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Orphan and Destitute Children; and considerable legacies to friends, tenant, and servant, including £3000 and her furniture and effects to Miss Ellen Hutchinson if still residing with her at her decease. The residue of her property she also gives to Miss Hutchinson on the like condition.

The will (dated March 5, 1894) of the Rev. Henry Cunliffe, of Cotefield, Banbury, Oxon, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 13 by Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives legacies to his sisters, nephews, nieces, and executor. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, Lady Alexandrina Victoria Cunliffe.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1893) of the Rev. Charles John Dashwood, Rector of Billington, Norfolk, who died on June 1, was proved on Sept. 13 by Miss Anna Amelia Dashwood, the daughter, and Algernon Digby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6425. The testator appoints to his said daughter £6800 out of the trust funds under his marriage settlement, and the remainder of the said trust funds to his son, Charles Horace Pettus Dashwood. He bequeaths to his said son such sum as, with the remainder of the trust funds, will make up £2200; £1100 to the children of his late son, Edmund Samuel; and all the furniture and cash in the house to his said daughter. As to the residue of his property, he gives one third each to his daughter, Anna Amelia, and his son, Charles Horace Pettus; and one third to the children of his late son, Edmund Samuel.

The will (dated May 9, 1894) of Miss Eliza Selina Day, late of 40, Vicarage Road, Camberwell, who died on June 24 last, was proved on Sept. 17 by Harvey Francis Day and the Rev. Spencer Day, the executors. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the London City Mission; £100 each to the Protestant Alliance, the Church Association, and the Colporteurs' Van Association; £50 each to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the London Anti-Vivisection Society, the Dogs' Home at Battersea, and the Cats' Home; £25 each to the Protestant Evangelical Mission and Electoral Union, and the Free Christ Church, Chard, Somerset; £1000 each to her nieces, Mrs. Madeline Chadwick and Miss Charlotte Day, and other small legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her four nephews and nieces, Mrs. Madeline Chadwick, Miss Charlotte Day, Spencer Day, and Francis Harvey.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The success of Dr. Conan Doyle's clever and pathetic little play, called "A Story of Waterloo," at Bristol last week, is a subject for congratulation all round. Mr. Henry Irving has obtained another strong character-sketch, which he will be certain to bring to London at Christmas-time, and play on the very first opportunity; playgoers in general will receive from the hands of the actor a "new old man" altogether, totally unlike King Louis XI., utterly dissimilar to Becket—a picture of second childhood that recalls the most characteristic of the figures in Mr. Hubert Herkomer's noble picture of the old pensioners in Chelsea Hospital. But first of all, the Bristol success will encourage Dr. Conan Doyle to write more for the stage. We want plenty more Conan DoYLES—men who can write with sincerity, with light and bright humour, and who have at command the true dramatic touch. No one can have followed this author in fiction without perceiving how keen and alert is his dramatic instinct. Mr. Henry Irving rightly calls the little play a "sketch"; but in its quick and sharp description of second childhood in very old age, in its well-defined touches of character and its pathetic as well as dramatic finale, there are frequent signs that Dr. Conan Doyle is the very man for the stage. It must not be forgotten that Henry Irving discovered the future dramatist Arthur Wing Pinero by means of a slight sketch of rural life, and now he has discovered another dramatist by a sketch of military life. Mr. Henry Irving's part of the business is wholly admirable, a painting of character and detail worthy of Meissonier. The bowed, bent frame, the thick bronchial cough, the grim and almost wolfish chuckles of humour, the outburst of petulant tears over the broken pipe, the smile of joy when a better briar is presented to him, the instant rising to salute on the announcement of the visit of the Colonel of the Guards, and the final neigh of the old war-horse at the moment of death, with the old-time recollection "The Guards need powder, and by God they shall have it!"—those are all fine, delicate, and difficult points brought out by the actor. The old hero of Waterloo will be a valuable addition to Henry Irving's collection of pictures from life.

Mr. Fuller Mellish as the modern Woolwich Sergeant of Artillery and Mr. Haviland as the modern Colonel were both good, and I shrewdly suspect that it was not quite the fault of clever Miss Annie Hughes that she came, according to her own account, straight from Essex, and talked broad "Zummerset." You see that Bristol, where the play was produced, knows something of Zummeretshire dialect, and Henry Irving must know quite as much as Bristol, in that he was born not very far from that ancient city. I expect the Somersetshire twang was added to please the audience, but unfortunately someone forgot to revise the text and substitute the western county for the eastern one.

At any rate, Miss Annie Hughes played admirably, and she will be a valuable addition to the Lyceum staff of artists.

The compliment of a "royal command" has now been bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and their admirable Haymarket company. They must have had a rush for it to get ready for Balmoral between Friday and Monday, and to be able to appear in Dublin the next day; but there is no knowing what actors and actresses will do in these days. My critical companions and my unworthy self started for Bristol on Friday afternoon, saw Dr. Conan Doyle's new play, described its complete success by wire, were entertained afterwards by our brother journalists of Bristol, and were at home in London again some hours before the postman came or the newspapers arrived which contained our comments. We have to keep wide awake in these days in order to feed the printing-machines. Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced before her Majesty the interesting French play "Gringoire," in which he appears as the starveling poet; and Mr. Outram Tristram's "Red Lamp," where the clever actor changes from a ragged starveling into a stout, plethoric, spectacled old Russian detective and diplomat. I doubt if her Majesty has seen such a quick and artistic change since the days of the elder Mathews. I see that Mr. Tree has added to his company Mr. Tyrone Power; also Miss Margaret Leighton, who has returned to the stage that she once so conspicuously adorned. I have heard few English actresses speak blank verse better, with more accent and "head"—as opposed to "mouth," if I may use the expression—than Miss Margaret Leighton.

There will be two novelties next Saturday evening—one an adapted French drama, and the other an altered American farce. "Odette" was written by Sardou at the time that he was in a perfect frenzy about the divorce laws, and in the play it is argued that it is a bitter hardship on the part of a man to deprive his erring wife of the society of her child for evermore. The argument gives occasion for some very beautiful scenes between the husband and wife. The play as it stands in the original, though fitfully dramatic, is what we should call "talky-talky," but an effort has been made to reduce the talkiness to the limits allowed by an average English audience. Blanche Pierson and Dupuis of the Vaudeville—not of the Variétés—were the wife and husband in the original. When the English rights were purchased for the Haymarket by Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Mayer, the characters fell to Madame Modjeska and Mr. Bancroft. A small character was cleverly written up to suit her own style by Mrs. Bancroft herself—the part of Lady Walker—a bit of characteristic observation; and the cast contained such artists as H. B. Conway, Arthur Cecil, C. Brookfield, and Cissy Grahame. Husband and wife now fall to Mr. Charles Warner, who ought to give a very good account indeed of Lord Henry Trevene, and to Mrs. Ruppert, whose Camille recently was a performance of great force and tenderness. I happened to see "A Trip to Chinatown" when I was in America, and thought it a very amusing play of its class. I am anxious to see Mr. Knowles as an actor, and I, for one, shall miss Tom Browne, the whistling waiter, who made a great hit by mixing a cocktail on the stage to a whistling accompaniment.

OBITUARY.

We have to record the deaths of—

Sir Oliver Nugent, at Antigua, on Aug. 28, aged seventy-nine. He held many official positions in Antigua, where he was born, and was at one time President of the Legislative Council of the Leeward Islands.

The Rev. Francis P. Du Sautoy, Rector of Ockley, Surrey, on Sept. 23, aged sixty-six. He was seventh Wrangler in 1851. He was the representative of a famous French family.

M. Armand Lalande, a well-known vine-grower at Bordeaux, recently, aged seventy-four.

M. Gustave Humbert, life Senator since 1875, recently, aged seventy-two. He was a prominent member of the Republican party in France.

Major John C. de la Poer Beresford, who acted as aide-de-camp to the late Duke of Marlborough when the latter was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on Sept. 19, aged forty-four. He fell from the roof of an hotel in Halifax (Nova Scotia).

The Rev. Dr. Henry Roe, Rector of Yeovilton, and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, on Sept. 15, aged sixty-one. He was the author of many careful articles on education in the *Times*.

Dr. William Alexander Greenhill, of Hastings, on Sept. 19, aged eighty. He was a physician, with an unusual gift for literary research, and contributed constantly to "Notes and Queries." He was also the author of various articles in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Dr. Heinrich Hoffman, on Sept. 20, aged eighty-five. In 1845, this specialist in mental diseases was persuaded to publish a series of grotesque sketches, made by himself to amuse his patients, under the title of "Struwwelpeter." The book had an extraordinary success, passing through 215 editions, and being translated into many languages.

Vice-Admiral John Secombe, on Sept. 17, aged seventy-eight.

The Rev. James Elwin Millard, D.D., honorary Canon of Winchester, on Sept. 20, aged seventy-one. He wrote more than one historical work connected with Basingstoke, where he occupied the college living for twenty-six years.

Madame Fürsch-Madi, who had a brilliant operative career, in New Jersey, U.S.A., recently.

Vice-Admiral C. F. Fletcher Boughey, recently, aged seventy. During the Russian War, in the Crimea, he served on board the *Trafalgar*, and was present at the siege of Sebastopol.

The Rev. C. G. Hill, Rector of Warboys, Hunts, and Rural Dean of St. Ives, on Sept. 20. He was stroke of the Cambridge boat for two years.

AT PRESENT ENGLAND'S GREATNESS IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE LATE LORD DERBY ON ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

We boast of our Wealth, our Power, our Resources, our Naval and Military Strength, and our Commercial Superiority. All these may depart from us in a few years, and we may remain, like Holland, a rich and comparatively powerless people. The nation depends upon the individuals who compose it. And no nation can be distinguished for morality, duty, adhesion to the rules of honour and justice whose citizens individually and collectively do not possess the same traits.—SMILES.

The late LORD DERBY, in one of his recent speeches:

"An accomplished nobleman said to me the other day that he thought England had steadily declined in those qualities that make up the force and strength of national character since the days of Waterloo; and though he did not say so in words, yet from his manner and tone I inferred that he thought it was too late to hope for recovery—that the deluge was coming, and that happy are they who had almost lived their lives and would not survive to see the catastrophe. Of course, it is possible that such a catastrophe may come; and, given certain conditions, it is certain it will come."

Have we those conditions at hand? No, not until we have lost our great mineral wealth—COAL; and Horny Hand and Busy Brain have lost, or neglected to cultivate, Honour, Truth, and Justice.

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"Yours truly, Commander A. J. LORRUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883."

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is not much that is novel in the autumn fashions as yet. The huge sleeves have not done their full duty in the dressmakers' minds it seems, but they are to droop more and project less; the fullness will fall below the shoulder entirely. Really, the new capes are actually sloping-shouldered. The slope is cut down to some three or four inches farther than the natural shoulder, in fact about to the place where royal ladies wear their state evening gowns cut down. By the way, I digress to wonder why that is? It is done by all our own Princesses, as most of us have seen; their full Court dress is cut so low on the shoulder as to show above it a large piece of the top of the arm, which is certainly not becoming to the figure of a thin lady. One might think it a personal peculiarity of the leader of our Princesses, politely followed by those of her own house as a compliment to her precedence, but in the portrait given in these columns a few weeks ago of the Queen of Portugal the same cut of a Court dress appeared, and in the recent photograph of the Princess of Wales together with her mother and her eldest daughter, the dress of even the Queen of Denmark is similarly constructed. Our own Queen, though her arms and bust are still beautiful—this was always one of her Majesty's charms—has her Court dress so trimmed with lace round the top, and the broad blue ribbon of the Garter is


so worn to cover one shoulder, that it never looks cut extremely low.

The sleeves of the new outdoor jackets, too, are pleated in large flat pleats on the shoulder so as to give great fullness and width below, but not to stand out at the top. Velvet makes up beautifully in this manner, the softness of its folds exactly suiting the drooping shape. Accordingly, a velvet three-quarter coat, fitting the figure, either entirely, or at the back alone with a loose-falling front turned back with revers at the top, and in either case having extremely wide and drooping sleeves, may be considered a good investment. Fur also makes up well in this manner, the sleeve in sealskin being specially graceful. It is good news that sealskin is to be cheaper this year. The settlement of the dispute between the Canadian and American seal-fishers has brought about this result, and the price has so far descended in the wholesale market that the retail market must soon be greatly affected. As this, the most soft and becoming of all furs, was at famine prices last season, it is a good thing that the trouble is past. A favourite fur this season is likely to be what is called caracule. This is a fur to which tender-hearted people may make exception, for it is the wool of the new-born Persian lamb. It is supple and smooth, and to be desired on all but sentimental grounds. I have been shown a coat of this fur trimmed with a deep collar of white lace, but it was not to be admired; it was too incongruous. Still, there are people

who will have anything for novelty and because other people have not got it to wear, so we may see this anomaly.

Mrs. Augusta Webster, who died on Sept. 5, has hardly received her due of remembrance. She was one of the pioneers of the many learned women of to-day; her translations of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus and the "Medea" of Euripides, executed while she was still young, won applause from the best scholars, and her original poetic work was placed by good critics in a very high rank. Her poetry was of a highly cultured order, too much so, perhaps, to win wide popularity; but I think the reason why, with all her depth and power of mind and her gift of literary expression and its high culture, she has not won the place that at one time seemed before her—namely, to quote the *Westminster Review* for one out of many similar sayings: "A higher rank as a poet than any woman has yet done"—is her lack of passion. She told me once that she had never been "in love," and that she did not understand any reason for marrying except an affectionate friendship and a conviction that it is well to form family ties to replace in time those of early youth that must be lost in the course of nature. She owned, when I put it to her, that there must be something other than this; since men and women die, or go mad, or ruin their whole future lives, "for love," it must be some emotion of a different sort; but her sympathy with such a passion was a mere attempt at an intellectual understanding. It is the rarity of the development in equal force and power

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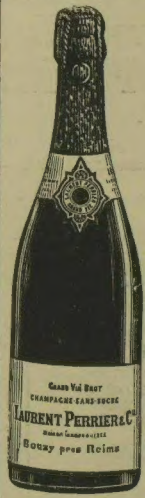
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M O N T E C A R L O.

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoy-
 able by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the
 multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between
 Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance
 at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the
 towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul
 Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic
 achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a com-
 pany all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic
 and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo
 from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present
 were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of
 Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La
 Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon
 and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by
 Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Monnet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The
 director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon
 Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two
 representations every week in the following order: "Samson
 et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with, Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza
 and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich,
 Messrs. Quella and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by
 Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec
 and Quella; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on
 April 1, close, Les Dragons de Villars, performed by Mlle.
 Elven, M. Quella, and M. Boudouresque fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at
 the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at
 Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.
 Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and
 International Concerts, under the competent direction of M.
 Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.
 The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is
 superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works
 collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements
 made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de
 Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary
 presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among
 the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefevre, Detaille,
 and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus
 Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo
 Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee,
 with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most
 esteemed French and foreign art.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes: it affords lawn
 tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and
 amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the
 marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few
 hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and man-
 fold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned
 establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance,
 they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland,
 at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter
 there does not exist.

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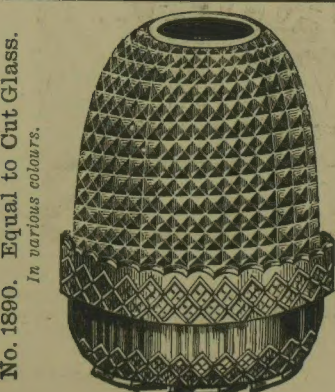
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in one and the same mind of the intellect and the passions that makes the greatest poets so few; and though the deep thought, the tragic and severe imagination, and the high literary culture in Augusta Webster's poetry have given her a place in our literary annals, the lack of an equally profound and intense emotional capacity has kept her from the highest rank of poets.

I doubt, however, if the reality of her genius was ever fully displayed; it was naturally so sombre and so bordering on the awful that she restrained it. Such subjects as the old English and the great Greek dramatists treated were really congenial to her, and if her course were now to begin she might dare such topics, but they were too much out of fashion for her time. I have in my collection of autographs a remarkable pen-and-ink sketch that she did idly one day as we sat side by side at a dull committee meeting; some splashes of ink had fallen on a piece of blue paper, and she traced them into a weird dark river bordered by sedge and by a barren bush or two; it is so solemn and so awful, one might drown in it with a morbid greediness for escape from such a world. In such trifles, character shows. Yet she was gay enough, and very kindly in herself. In recent years she wrote criticisms for the *Athenaeum*, and

she once showed me a great pile of little books of verse that she had to review. "Is it not a trial to have to read these to write a couple of columns?" "But you do not read them through for such short notices," I said. "Indeed I do," she replied: "sometimes I go over one again and again trying to find the best passage, or a few tolerable lines to quote—it is so hard for one who has poetic ambition to publish a whole book and get no serious appreciation for it." Her public spirit was another proof of the real and deep tenderness of her disposition. Mrs. Webster was the daughter of Vice-Admiral Davies, and the wife of Mr. Thomas Webster, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and leaves one daughter.

Miss Macintyre, the popular vocalist, who has been achieving an extraordinary success in South Africa, is now laid aside by an attack of fever. She was the first Scotch singer to hold the position of *prima donna* at La Scala, Milan, the highest tribute to her splendid voice and style. Two of Miss Macintyre's brothers have lived in Africa for some time, so that she had other reasons for going there than the mere conquest of a new land. Two other items may be noted in connection with the musical world. Madame

Schumann was unfortunately overturned into a ditch while driving at Interlaken. One of her arms was severely bruised, but the distinguished pianist is now almost restored to her usual health. Miss Evangeline Florence sailed on Sept. 22 for New York. Her marriage to Mr. Crerar, a Scotchman who has had business relations with this country and America, will probably take place at Boston in November.

Mr. F. A. Selous, the African traveller, apparently intends to abandon his wanderings abroad for a while, as he has just purchased an estate not very far from Bisley.

Both parties are becoming more active now that the day of polling at Birkenhead is coming "within measurable distance" (in Gladstonese language). Mr. W. H. Lever, the Liberal candidate, only consented after considerable pressure to enter the lists. He imposed the condition that his expenses should be paid, although he was quite prepared to find the money for another candidate. His position in the matter is thoroughly consistent with his opinion often expressed with regard to election expenses. The Conservative candidate is Mr. Elliott Lees, who has been in time past a useful member of the House of Commons.

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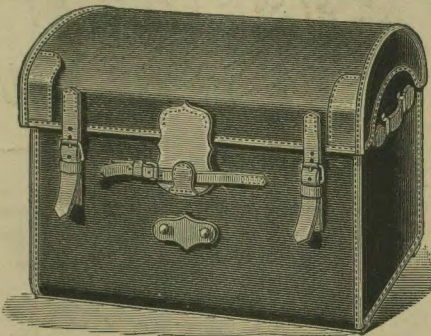
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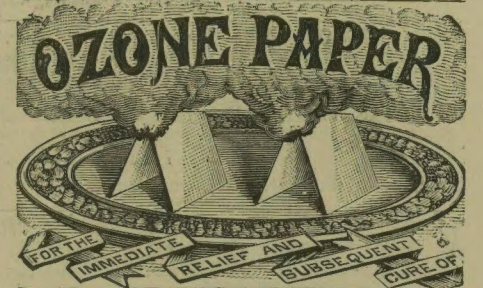
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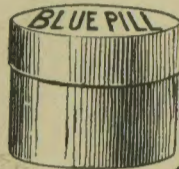
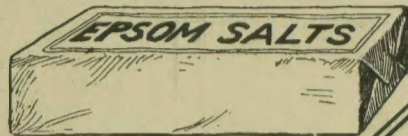
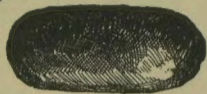
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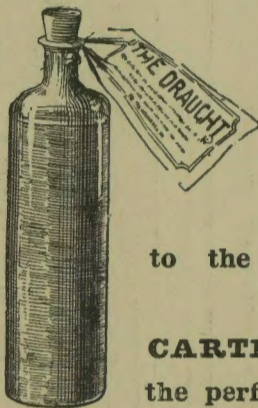
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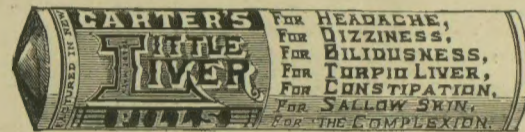
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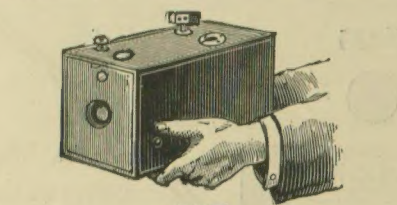
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